M. Dinner

SENIOR DOME

Alma Pascal

Henriette Gross

JUNE

1932

E. KOEHIGER

Gladys Schwarz

THE SENIOR DOME

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EL CÍRCULO
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OUTWITTED WITS

by CONRAD KEINER

Michaelangelo Ahduzza was an extraordinarily clever person—at least in his own opinion. He placed his books, of which he had many, upside down in the bookcase so that his grandmother couldn't ascertain what he read. All his relatives, except the one mentioned above, had died and left him a considerable fortune that was the result of many years of hard work and toil. A very fortunate occurrence for Ahduzza —very fortunate indeed. He lived sumptuously and grandly in an exclusive suburb of New York with no hindrance, matrimonial or otherwise, to his carefully laid plans for the building of an extensive library. Ah, yes, his library! The volumes were as varied as the bookplates that adorned their covers.

On a morning late in June, we might have discerned Ahduzza adorning his corpulent and disproportioned body with the most expensive summer clothes. His profound admiration for anything British had resulted in the employing of Barton as his valet, or, as Ahduzza was bound to call him (he had never taken French), his 'varlet'. Barton was industriously cleaning his master's black and white sport shoes, a task which he would gladly have given to anyone who would have been insane enough to wish it, when Ahduzza suddenly asked him if old Mrs. Ahduzza was at home.

"Mrs. H'Ahduzza, sir? No, sir. She went h'out to 'er bridge club."

"Bridge club!" Ahduzza was annoyed not only by Barton's statement but also by his yellow and orange tie; "I thought she went there yesterday."

"She did, sir, but—h'I beg your pardon, sir —" Barton had placed the finished shoes on Ahduzza's white knickers, provoking his master's wrath considerably.

"Go on, you idiot."

"Well, confidentially, sir, she told me that she 'ad lost two dollars h'and desired to retrieve them, with h'interest, this h'afternoon. May h'I brush you h'off, sir?"

Ahduzza had finished dressing and was examining himself minutely in the great mirror.

"No. Haven't got time. When Mrs. Ahduzza returns, tell her I'm out with Adolphus Enge."

Taking the cane and felt hat from Barton, he walked out of the room and down the wide staircase, pausing only to rearrange the silk handkerchief up his sleeve. He strode out of the house and down the pathway to the sidewalk, then paused as if he had forgotten something, and finally retraced his steps. Re-entering the house, he hurried to the library, and, taking out a volume of Plato, he reached his short, fat hand behind the books and drew out a square shaped bottle, which he uncorked with a loud 'pop'. Smacking his lips, he took a long and deep draught, and then hurriedly replaced the flask.

Walking a little more jauntily, he hastened to the railroad station, the pre-arranged meeting place with his life-long friend and companion, Adolphus Enge. Together they had made many trips to New York's old book district. It was one of these trips that was arranged for this particular day.

Enge was impatiently awaiting Ahduzza's arrival, and had quite exhausted his energy in pounding against the slot machines in the hope that some loose merchandise, or, better yet, change, would accidentally fall from the opening. When he sighted Ahduzza, he rushed over to him excitedly.

"Have you got your soap eraser?" was his greeting.

"Of course." Ahduzza lit a cork-tipped Benson and Hedges.

The train soon came, and both men rushed in —to procure a seat. The ride was uneventful. They changed at Penn Station to the subway, and alighted at Union Square, only to be cha-

grined by the fact that there were no Communist orators to listen to. While hastening down toward the musty old shops, they went over their respective lists.

"I'd like to find one of Dickens' first editions," remarked Enge, as he lifted his hat to a female passerby.

"Dickens be damned! That 'David Copperfield' you bought last time was a hoax. Why, that was no first edition. It was printed in 1922!"

"The man told me—"

"And you believed him?"

"Anyway, Ahduzza, I did mark the price down three dollars!"

They reached the first store and entered. The proprietor was a dark-haired, long-nosed fellow with piercing eyes.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he greeted them.

"Have you Talleyrand's 'Memoirs'?" Ahduzza burst forth, engaging the shopkeeper while Enge slipped to the back of the store.

"I'm afraid not. We have some specials over on these shelves, though." He escorted Ahduzza to the other side of the store. "Here's one of my greatest bargains—a copy of Emil Ludwig's 'Napoleon' autographed by the Emperor himself!"

Ahduzza, glancing nervously at Enge, heard only 'Napoleon'.

"Incredible!" he remarked.

"Here you are, mister. See for yourself."

"What is the price?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Too much."

"I'll make it forty-five!"

"No."

"I'll make a real special price. You can have it for thirty-five dollars."

"You're sure it's Napoleon's signature?"

"Positive!"

"All right, I'll take it. Here you are," Ahduzza said, as he counted out the money and gave it to the eager proprietor.

Meanwhile, Enge had been busy erasing the prices in the back of a few books that he especially desired and supplying them with his own.

"I'll take these." Enge deposited the books on the desk and paid the sum that the hawk-eyed man computed after he had added the prices he found.

The two men turned to go, but were arrested at the entrance by the following statement: "Gentlemen, a minute, please. I forgot to show you my greatest special, the Waterbury edition of Isaac D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature'. It's the only one in existence. Only five thousand dollars!"

When they heard the price, Ahduzza and Enge hurried on to the next store. After they had examined the wares for a while, Ahduzza spoke.

"Oh, the dickens!"

"Where's a Dickens, Ahduzza?"

"I merely remarked 'the dickens'."

"What's the Dickens?"

"This book."

"That isn't any Dickens! It's written by H. G. Wells. Are you blind?"

"Of course it's written by H. G. Wells—that's why I exclaimed 'the dickens'. I'm tired of seeing books by him.' '

"Oh," Enge was abashed.

On their way out, they were halted by the elderly proprietor.

"Gentlemen, I possess the only one of the original twelve of the Waterbury edition of D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' in existence. I'm a bit pressed lately, so I'll leave it go for five thou—" But he was only talking to thin air.

"Curious about the Waterbury edition, eh, Enge?"

"It certainly is. Wonder who has the original?"

"I've a copy home, but it's not the Waterbury."

In the next store, it was Enge's turn to engage the owner while Ahduzza went back to the rear of the store. Having no other question handy, Enge asked: "Have you the Waterbury edition of D'Israeli's 'Curiosities'?"

"No, but I can procure it for you. My brother in London has the only copy in existence. He'd be willing to sell."

And so on and on.

When Ahduzza returned home after leaving Enge in the speakeasy where they had eaten, he was greeted by Barton.

"Count Alexis Cutisearoff is 'ere, sir. 'Es h'in the library."

"Take these books, Barton."

Michaelangelo Ahduzza adjusted his necktie and walked into the room. A monocled Russian, presumably an emigre Imperial general, stood and bowed stiffly.

"Mr. Ahduzza?" he questioned as stiffly as he bowed, raising his right eyebrow a fraction of an inch, "I trust you will pardon my intrusion. I am a great lover of books, and possess quite a number of valuable editions. Our mutual friend, Mr. Enge, told me of your collection. He said that I would be welcome to come and inspect it at any time. He mentioned something about Aristotle—or was it Plato?" Again the eyebrow rose.

"Have a seat, your excellency." (Ahduzza had read somewhere that you called Russian noblemen by this title) "What does your collection include?"

Ahduzza listened attentively to the long enumerated list of literary treasures. At the conclusion of the Count's speech, Ahduzza asked him whether he had ever seen the Waterbury edition of D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature'. Immediately, the Count became animated.

"You have it? All my life I have wanted it—looked everywhere, enquired of everybody—"

A diabolical scheme formed in Ahduzza's mind.

"I have it. Would you like to see it?"

"Could I?"

Ahduzza turned to one of the cases and drew out his copy of the 'Curiosities'.

"Here, you excellency. I'll sell it for five thousand dollars."

After inspecting the volume carefully, the Count exclaimed: "You have been misled, sir. 'Tis but a poor copy!" The Count's literary knowledge was quite profuse.

"Of course, of course. Your excellency must see my little joke! 'Twas merely to see whether you knew the original or not!"

Both men laughed, one heartily, and one nervously. Count Cutisearoff left shortly afterward, a bit disappointed in his hope of being invited for dinner. As soon as he was gone, Ahduzza sought refuge in Plato, exclaiming: "I maintain that it is not what one reads in Plato that gives one solace; 'tis what is behind it that counts!"

THE MAN IN THE MOON

by

ELIZABETH DEMAREST

Diana, weary after the morning's chase, laid aside her bow and quiver under a holm oak. Then she summoned her wood-nymphs to aid her in disrobing and with them she went to bathe in the refreshing waters of the river Xanthus.

While she was thus engaged, a young sweet-faced cherub passing through the wood spied the sacred bow and quiver which attracted him greatly. As he was examining them, Diana and her dripping retinue suddenly returned. The goddess became angry when she discovered her weapons being handled by the youngster. With long strides she reached the lad who had been unaware of her approach, snatched her belongings from his hands, and smacked him three times on the left ear. Then signalling her band to follow she went into the deep wood.

The boy who had been thus chastised betook himself to the river which the maidens had vacated, and with one tiny hand stretched toward the heavens he swore a mighty oath by the beard of his grandfather Jupiter.

* * *

Diana, intent on the hunt, had not heard the whiz of a tiny arrow aimed with a purpose other than her own, but no less fatal. When she lifted her eyes from the boar she had just slain, the goddess experienced an imperceptible tremor as her gaze alighted on a young man who was intently watching her. The work of two tiny shafts was already accomplished.

The passionless divinity, whose coldness even pervaded her lamp and made it lack the vital warmth that accompanied her brother's, welcomed the intruder to her haunts and heart. Similarly affected, this young Greek sculptor, Pyrrhus by name, became the deity's abject slave and constant worshipper.

* * *

Fatigued after the morning's hunt Diana frowned as she remembered the tryst with her lover. No longer were the intimacies with the youth cherished by her. Her infatuation had glowed fiercely but for a short time. Finally maidenhod reasserted itself and her ardor

abated. Alas, Pyrrhus, mere man that he was, could not overcome his love for the deity. His constant devotion was wearying the goddess, who decided to end her philandering without injuring him, for he was not aware of her identity.

"I shall endeavor to send him where he can never see me again," mused Diana; "no doubt his passion will grow cold. To my lunar haunt!" she exclaimed. "I shall appoint him custodian of the moon."

As a way out of her dilemma had presented itself, Diana's serenity was restored. It was in a calm mood that she went to meet Pyrrhus.

The man had not been oblivious to the growing coldness. Yet he attributed it not to lack of affection but to the fact that the maiden was a nymph in the train of the goddess Diana and therefore subject to the vows of virginity.

When the two met, Pyrrhus shyly advanced these reasons as being the cause of the girl's abating ardor. Readily agreeing with him Diana took this opportunity for putting her plan into execution.

"Pyrrhus,' she began haltingly.

"Yes," smiled he encouagingly.

"Would you be willing to forsake love for me if immortality was offered thee? Wait. Not love, but my presence to augment that love would be lacking. The goddess Diana wishes a comely youth to care for her lamp in the heavens. Whoever undertakes this task will be granted everlasting life."

"But never to see thee again," objected Pyrrhus; "the price is not worth it."

"Yet remember," softly answered- the goddess, "I am immortal while thou must suffer death. When thy hour comes, I shall pass from thee forever, but in the heavens I shall be thine in spirit for all times."

"To have thee forever," breathed the deluded man, "is worth any price."

The days that followed, Diana roamed the forests secure in the knowledge that her lover was far off in the heavens tending her lamp. There Pyrrhus devoted his lonely life to driving out the cold spirit that exuded from the huge globe. The fire of love that burned within him gradually warmed the chilly atmosphere of the moon and the romantic glow was felt on earth. Even after Diana was no longer a revered goddess but only fine sculpture, the man in the moon was still regarded as a potent creature. To remind his lover of his existence he had carved his likeness on the yellow lamp, and this is still viewed on earth.

●

TO HESPERUS

Oh, Hesperus, Immortal evening star,
For aeons hast thou risen in the sky
At this same hour, when soft breezes sigh
And sunset's radiant glow burns from afar.
Now in the west I see thee shine on high,
Bright symbol of eternal constancy,
Whose purity no fickle god can mar.
Thou art a glittering, resplendent tear
That gleams for youth, and hope, and peace, and love;
There in thy cool aloofness thou canst note
With gentle scorn the weakness and the fear
Of man, and try to guide them from above
And light their way, thou lustrous star remote.

THE GHOSTS HELP OUT

by
GRACE
CLARK

'Twas a cold winter night in the middle of December. Or perhaps it wasn't the middle, nearer the end. Anyway, it was Christmas Eve. It had snowed all day, all night, all week, all—we'd better stop there. The scene was a study in black and white. A large hill, white against the black sky, and dotted intermittently with black brush, trees and shrubs, stood out like a sentinel, silent and alone.

At the foot of the hill, a dark figure was weaving its way in and out among the trees, and was evidently climbing the hill. Reaching a point from which the top of the hill could be seen, the figure stopped and suddenly recoiled.

Sir Henry Everton, (1548-1634), who was the figure climbing the hill, was torn by a sudden desire to laugh and cry at the same time. It was his sad and solemn duty to haunt Everton Castle every Christmas Eve (which act he had performed regularly every Eve at 12 P. M., and here he was, all ready to do his bit, but he had no castle to haunt! Everton Castle, which had stood on that hill for so many years, was no longer there!

"Now that's a dirty trick to play on a poor, unsuspecting, hard-working ghost," he exclaimed, "I wonder if it could have been one of those practical jokers I've heard so much about."

He looked around for the practical joker, and not finding him, started to descend the hill. The next moment, he was thrown into the snow by a sudden collision with someone who exclaimed, "I say, old fellow, why don't you watch where you're going? You'll get killed that way some day. Here, let me brush you off; you had a nasty fall."

The intruder brushed Sir Henry off and helped him get up. Suddenly he seemed to recognize Sir Henry. "Aren't you Sir Henry Everton, born in 1548 and died in 1634 by request?" he asked.

Sir Henry grudgingly admitted he was himself, and the other ghost brightened visibly. "Well, well, well," he murmured, "fancy meeting you here, after all these years. Don't you remember me? I'm your grandson, Sir Edward Everton (1629-1683)?"

"Why, so it is," said Sir Henry, peering closer, "My, my, you certainly have changed since I saw you last. You've gotten thinner."

"I know; I've been on a diet. I was getting too fat. And the reason why I'm so late tonight is that I tore a big hole in my best haunting suit just before I was going to leave. But where's the castle? I can't find it anywhere."

"I was just going to ask you, Sir Edward. I can't imagine. Wait a minute, though, here comes Sir Horace Spengs, who haunts the manor to the left of us. Watch out how you talk to him, he's very high-hat. Hi! Horace, old kid?"

"I am very well, er, that is, as well as can be expected in these days of depression," answered Sir Horace stiffly. "I suppose you want to know about the castle?"

"And how!" yelled the other two ghosts, so vociferously that Sir Horace was momentarily taken aback, but only momentarily, for he soon recovered his aplomb and announced casually, "They have removed your ancestral domain to America." and looked at the fingernails of his right hand in the manner of the best detectives.

"America!" yelled Sir Sidney.

"America!" screamed Sir Edward.

Sir Horace looked at them with an air of utter disdain at such vulgarity, and stalked majestically off, leaving the two bewildered ghosts to themselves.

Let's leave them there to collect their thoughts, which had been scattered by the collision, and visit the new site of Everton Castle. The scene is practically the same as in England

except that there was no snow at that time near Smythe Manor (the hot air rising from the manor had melted it).

The two ghosts met again, after a "voyage d'exploration" about the Manor, to decide upon a plan of war. There was no collision that time; they were looking for each other.

"Well, well, well," murmured Sir Edward (it seemed to be a habit with him) "have I got news!"

"Me too," said Sir Henry, "come on ove and sit down. I'm getting tired.

"Well, Hen, old fellow, what's news?"

"I heard old man Smythe himself talking t a detective about a necklace he's going to giv his daughter. He's giving a party tonight in her honor. Let's stick around."

"O. K., Hen, sounds good to me. Oh, say, that must have been the daughter talking to some young man. They want to get married but her old man won't let them, so they're planning to elope tonight. Nice couple, too."

Meanwhile, unknown to the ghosts, Dirty Work was afoot (it had lost its horse in a crap game). One of the hired waiters stealthily approached one of the large hampers which supposedly contained food. "Ssst-Spike, it's me," he hissed cautiously, "it's me, Red. Better get out now, I got something to tell you."

"O. K. Spill it."

"Listen, it's 11:30 now. Don't you think you'd better swipe the necklace and be done with it?"

"You sap, I already swiped it. What I'm worrying about is how to get out of here. Should I leave now?"

"No, you dumb egg, wanta queer our game? The big guy's got a flatfoot here. But I found a swell hiding place for you, one place they'll never think of looking for you, up in the tower."

And so Dirty Work and its two accomplices went about their way. Let us return to our two heroes, Eddie and Hen. They are doing something good ghosts should never do, that is, peeking through a window.

"Well, well, well," murmured Sir Eddie again, "this is one swell party. But, say, look at that old guy run downstairs. Looks excited.

"Shut up, you fool, that's our host, Mr. Smythe. Don't you know it's impolite to speak of your host in such a way? What's he saying? I must be getting old, I can't hear as well as I used to."

"He's yelling something about a necklace being stolen. Come on, let's help them."

In the ballroom, Mr. Smythe was excitedly jumping around. "The necklace, it's stolen! Do something, somebody! Quick!"

"Come, come, Mr. Smythe," said the detective soothingly, "pull yourself together. Let's go to your study and talk it over. Miss Smythe and Mr. Hayes may come, too. The rest of you go on having your fun."

In the study, the four people faced each other. The silence was broken by the detective who asked, "Now, tell me just what happened."

"I came up here to get the necklace, and noticed immediately that the safe was open and the necklace gone."

"Who beside yourself knew about it?"

"Only you, myself and Mr. Hayes, the architect."

"Does Mr. Hayes know the combination?"

"Why, of course Tom knows the combination." answered Phyllis (Miss Smythe), "He ought to; he got the safe for Daddy."

"Let's see, Mr. Smythe, you and I left the study at 11 P. M. It's now 11:45. Er, Mr. Hayes, where were you the last three quarters of an hour?"

"Why, er-I was in my room, I er-had a headache." stammered Tom.

"This looks very suspicious, sir. I wonder—"

"See here, young fellow, I warn you to hand over the necklace. You've got a nerve trying to make love to my daughter and then stealing her present."

"I did no such thing, sir, and I really love your daughter."

"Why, Daddy, how can you say such a thing? Tom wouldn't hurt me for the world, would you,

Tom? Why, Tom, what's the matter? You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"No—that's it! The tower!" and Tom turned and ran out of the room. The detective, bewildered, followed him, and Mr. Smythe, after a moment's hesitation, also followed.

Tom, was, of course, the first to reach the tower. The large door commanding the entrance slammed just as he got there and he tried to open it in vain. The detective soon arrived and tried to help him, but it looked as though their united efforts were to be of no avail. Suddenly a shriek rang out. "Lemme outa here," and the door opened quickly as a very excited person fairly threw himself into their arms.

"That's the thief," said Tom.

"Yeah, I hooked the necklace, I admit it, I'll confess to everything but get me outa here!"

Outside our two heroes were talking their adventure over.

"Well, well, well," murmured Sir Eddie, "we certainly had a good time, the most I've had for a couple of centuries. It's things like that that make haunting pleasant. You know, when I was standing outside of that study window telling that young fellow where the thief was, I almost resolved to settle down and be a good ghost. If I hadn't been so bad when I lived, I'd be nice and peaceably playing a harp by now."

"Come now, Eddie, don't be so downhearted. We should look on the bright side of life. Wait till I tell you all the fun I had."

"What did you do?"

"I was standing outside the tower door, and every time that thief started to come out, I stuck my head out and yelled "BOO" at him. Then he started to climb out of the window, so I went around and scared him some more. I guess he thought he'd be safer with those humans. Let's go and peek in the study window again."

So the ghosts very unghostly peeked through the window. The scene there made them beam upon each other in admiration, for Mr. Smythe was actually smiling at the two lovers, and the detective was shaking Tom's hand and congratulating him. Everything had turned out happily for the young couple.

* * *

Somewhere, the two ghosts had been summoned before Fate.

"Sir Henry Everton and Sir Edward Everton, you have been summoned here upon a very serious matter," said the Voice solemnly. "You are charged with not having done your duty in haunting Everton Castle. What have you to say for yourself?"

Silence reigned.

The Voice continued, "Since you say nothing I take this as a sign of guilt. I therefore sentence you to eternal happiness for your reward in having helped a human to gain his rights. You are dismissed."

Sir Edward broke the silence. "Well, well, well," he murmured.

The Truth, The Whole Truth, and...?

by JOE MACKEY

On the morning of March twelfth as the blistering summer sun poured in through the window of the executive offices of True Fibs Magazine ,a bizarre apparition with a Paderewski haircut and an inane expresson poured in through the door.

The youth, for it was a youth, glared frantically about until he spied a busy individual with a broom.

"Mr. Editor," he gushed, "I have here a story which . . ."

"Ah ain't no editor, boss," interrupted the negro proudly, "Ah's de janitor!'

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," stammered the youth as his face got two shades redder than Walter Winchell's, "But where is the editor?"

"Ovah dere."

Seeing the movement of a head behind an immense stack of papers the intruder boisterously approached the place until he could regard the smiling editor. He then calmly shoved piles of manuscripts to the floor and placed his own under the man's nose.

"I have a story which . . ."

"Take it to Miss Schnops!" roared the jovial official almost as loudly as a movie managing editor, "I have no time to waste on the drivel of beginners."

"Oh yeah?" countered the youth subtly as he began to search for the aforementioned Miss Schnops.

After what seemed months of rambling from corridor to corridor he discovered a door bearing the following legend:

Belvedere N. Schnops
No Admitance
Walk in

He entered and confronted a severe-looking young woman seated behind a desk.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I-I—" he murmured awkwardly.

"Really? If anyone but you had told me, I wouldn't have believed them. Come, come, young man, unburden yourself."

"Well, it's this way, Schnoppy . . . I have here a story . . ." He paused, prepared for the customary interruption at this point." . . . which you are going to buy, but I want someone to hear it first so that there can be no retractions."

"Young man, do not waste my time; it's priceless. This magazine buys only masterpieces, so if you haven't something of unusual merit, do not annoy me."

"I assure you that you'll be way ahead if you hear my tale."

"A punster, eh? Get out!"

"No, Miss Schnops! I have here a chronicle of human events, a story so masterful and overpowering that I know I'm a genius. Please let me go on."

The woman settled back in her chair with a gesture of resignation and waved her hand in consent.

"My story is vastly different from most, you know. It opens in London, but it isn't a dark, foggy night on which anything might happen, and a light is not dimly discerned in Trafalgar Square. Our hero, Constantine Berry, is not a young college spendthrift, nor is he a gangster from the great middle class. He is merely an obscure and struggling manufacturer of purple gingham thumb tacks for left handed mutes. He hails from Idaho, Detroit, the birthplace of the heroine, Mary Samel. This lady is the daughter of Mustapha Samel, the noted amateur backgammon pro, and has neither raven tresses nor ruby lips, although to give her her due, she is fair and square (fair hair, square head).

"On the night our masterpiece opens, Con Berry and Mary Samel were celebrating their first anniversary with several thousand choice friends and a few tall glasses of Burgundy grape juice.

Commercial Club

"Another person, however, was not celebrating . . . the villain of the plot, Omar Gleep, who was Mary's rejected suitor solely because he did not suitor. Gleep had sworn to wreak vengeance on the love birds and although he had already poisoned the wedding-cake, chopped off Con's thumb with a cleaver, and slain Mary's two-third aunt, he desired more revenge.

"Accordingly, after cudgeling his half brain for a number of weeks, he had hit upon the plan of exiling Con's Indian grandfather to his mud-turtle kennels in Scotland.

"In the meantime, there was great happiness in the home of Constantine. He had re-named the Indian Francisco and the old man had proved quite valuable and intelligent. He was only ninety years old but could already translate Sanskrit, find mistakes in Euclid, and construct a B battery out of fishbones; however, he had one serious drawback. He had made no 'cute sayings' and caused no embarrassing moments', thereby depriving Con and Mary of two dollars net from the tabloid dailies. Despite this, they still managed to love him and little suspected Omar's foul plans.

The night which Omar had selected for the enactment of his deed finally came, as most nights do, and he, accompanied by three vicious underlings, crept to the house of Constantine in the center of London and forced an entrance. They had little difficulty finding Francisco as he was sleeping downstairs while repairs were being made under the radiator where he usually rested to remind him of his native climate. Francisco, however, was not asleep, but sitting up in bed smoking Con's best butts.

"Swear words," fizzed Omar through tight lips, "I wanted them weeds myself." Hereupon he began to tear out his hair.

"Francisco smiled angelically and said: 'Be nonchalant, old chap, smoke a herring.'

"Omar, fearing that his words had been heard by Constantine, the Elder Berry, ordered a hasty retreat.

"The following morning when Con came down the Indian, in sign language, told him what had happened, and Con suggested that he sleep in their room in case of repeated attack.

"Omar Gleep, although the villain, and therefore at the author's mercy, had 'bulldog qualities' and had resolved to get even. Therefore, under cover of moonlight and a slouch hat, he and three of his vile companions again sought the little green house. The terrific quartette found no trouble in getting in, and being experienced made no noise, save for the knocking over of the radio loudspeaker and two floor lamps. One of Omar's brothers in Deviltry, when the leader's back was turned, slipped a parlor suite and a folding bed into his pocket, which illustrates the truth of the old proverb: 'Thar ain't no honor between crooks.'

"Omar then led the trio up the carpeted stair and after each had tripped, they arrived safely at the bedroom. The four desperadoes then crept into the room and observed the peacefully-sleeping Mrs. Berry and the restless Constantine. Omar decided to act quickly, so with about forty-six deft movements he reached the bedside of the snoring Indian, grabbed him by the feet, and was about to be off when Francisco awoke and began to yodel a Navajo war song. Gleep, with characteristic presence of mind, snatched an apple that was growing on the clothes-tree and stuffed it into the Indian's mouth.

"Constantine, disturbed by the noise, opened his three big brown eyes and gazed about the room. He saw Omar and the struggling captive and was speedily rising to score a knockout on the demon, but . . . alas and a laddie . . . he had taken some of Dr. Geevle's Instant-Action Sleep-Tablets at the opening of the Spanish-American War, and as this was the beginning of 1932, they were starting to act, and he fell back powerless!

"Omar seized this opportunity to have his underlings bind and gag Mary and carry the limp form of her husband downstairs and into a car which was waiting.

"They sped silently through the city as the motor roared deafeningly, but it was not suf-

ficient for Gleep, who pushed her to the floorboard until they were fairly flying. The speedometer registered fourteen miles an hour and they continued at this maddening pace until they were three blocks away, where Omar ordered his pals to take Mary and Con to a hidden rendezvous whose owner he had previously pribed.

"The Evil Four with their remaining prisoner then told him of the intention to send him to Omar's mud turtle farm where he would put collars on the animals all day long. The Indian upset their plans by confessing that he was 'collar blind,' and they drove to the docks instead of the farm.

" 'We'll have to drown you now,' explained Omar, 'As long as you would be useless with my mud turtles. 'Twould have been a more beautiful ending among those wild beasts, but must be shall be, and now I shall get a more bitter revenge.'

"After much struggling, the five men got the old Indian into a burlap bottle and approached the edge of the dock. They were about to hurl him in to destruction when, with a dramatic whoop, he broke out —and spoke heatedly to the astounded Omar.

" 'Ugh, thinkum can get away with heap much, yes? Ugh, no can do!'

'As he said this he stepped up to Omar, clipped him prettily on the chin and downed him.

"Omar picked himself up and with a look of contempt and hate said: 'Think you're strong because you had onions for dinner, don't you? Well, here's your finale.'

"At this point the other assassins subdued Francisco, but not before he had awakened a policeman who was faithfully treading his beat. The bluecoat rushed up and demanded to know the reason for the uproar, but spied Omar and knew by his moustache that he was a deep-dyed villain.

" 'Come with me, you guys. I know your game and it ain't parchesi.'

"Omar waved a one-pound note before the bobby and within ten seconds the latter had done a mysterious disappearing act.

" 'Lucky dat wasn't no American Dry Agent.' ventured one of his pals.

" What was that crevice?' queried Omar.

" 'Lucky dat was no American Dry Agent.'

" 'Why? Wouldn't a Dry Agent accept money?'

" 'Heh, heh, sure, but not one quid.'

"Omar then offered Francisco ten or twelve shots of Scotch to keep him in good spirits, and then, wishing to get the deed over, threw him with the help of his pals, into the Bosphorus. (Pawdon, this is London; the Thames.) Francisco swam . . . to the bottom . . . and was drowned.

"The vile villains returned to get Mary and Con and brought them to a palatial shanty where Omar had some special process deer hide with which to tie them. When strips of this, which could withstand the ordeals of fire water, and soap bubbles, had been fastened around the captive pair, the arch-devils proceeded to a deserted saw-mill outside of dear ol' Lunnon.

"This mill had been used to cut watermelon rind instead of wood, so the floors were ankle deep in that vegetable product. Omar took the unconscious form of Constantine, tied it to a large piece of rind, and started the buzz-saws buzzing! Too bad, too bad! In this case there was no sheriff's posse in the nick of time or no good miracle, so, regardless of his feelings, Constantine spattered around the little mill-room, and when the 'four devils' left triumphant, there were assorted pieces of Constantine and watermelon rind on its floor. They then returned to the car and began a trip towards the great open spaces with the idea of forcing Mary to wed Omar. Before, when she had been asked, she had replied: 'As sure as my name is Mary Samel, absolutely no!' . . .

"But it would be different now; Omar would see to that. They were riding along when one of the slitthroats forgetfully took out the folding bed that he had stolen from Constantine's house and began to examine it. Omar, seeing this in the mirror, became furious because he knew that

he had been triple-crossed and hated a sneak, so he stopped the car, pulled his underlings out by their necks, and began fighting them with nothing but a gat, a stilletto, and two pairs of brass knuckles with which to defend himself. 'Aw, gimme a break, boss,' whined the guilty triple-crosser.

" 'Okay, keed, what do you want broken, your neck?' sneeringly retorted Omar .

"After this wise remark, Omar put on his slicker as a protection from the torrent of abuse and shower of oaths which rained forth from the other's lips. He soon killed two of the ruffians and the third, having given him a little trouble, became enraged and finished him by stabbing him with his Cold model T 77-I, and therefore, the poison sinking in, hung him by the neck until he was dead from the heat.

"In the meantime, Mary having seen her chance, took a deep breath, broke the unbreakable deer thongs, and started the car. She had gone about a mile before Omar was through with his adversaries. Seeing what had happened, he started out on a run for the car, and as he was only on his third carload of Old Zincs his wind was still good and he soon caught up with her and hopped on the running-board. 'Why did you run so fast?. For me?' she asked.

" 'Oh, I'd run a mile for a Samel, anytime.' he coyly replied.

" 'Give me that steering wheel!' he ordered, wanting to drive in case they should be chased.

"Mary immediately took out her Handee-Kit, unscrewed the wheel, and handed it to him.

" 'You won't feel so comical when I tell you that your handsome hero has just been saw-milled to pieces.' he gloated.

"She looked astonished for a moment but then answered, 'Oh, that's all right, I never did like him much anyway, and besides I'm tired of him as I've been living with him for a year now.'

" 'Will you marry me?'

" 'Sure, old pal, old pal.'

"So they drove off to his mountain in the heart of Philadelphia and lived sappily ever after," concluded the wild-eyed young author as he looked proudly at Miss Schnops.

"Wonderful!" she breathed, but a note of doubt crept into her voice as she added, "But are you sure that it's absolutely true? You know we print only genuine dramas of life in True Fibs."

The writer looked injured but his face then lit up with inspiration and he exclaimed: "Certainly it's true, and I have proof!"

"Have you," she echoed, "What?"

"I am Francisco!"

"Fran!" beamed Miss Schnops, "It may be your genius that intrigues me, but I guess, above all, it's your natural honesty and truthfulness . . . I love you!"

Curtain

WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

GIRLS		BOYS
Mary Sanzone	Most Popular	John O'Keefe
Theresa Mangiardi	Best Looking	Arthur Hoogenboom
Ruth Sifferlin	Best Dresser	Robert Griebel
Imogene Qualey	Cutest	Al Berger
Doris Schirmeister	Most Dignified	Eli Berlin
Elizabeth Wells	Class Athlete	Larry Picoli
Dorothy Karl	Happy-go-Lucky	Peter Daly
Anita Goldberg	Class Singer	Angus Ross
Adelaide Otis	Most Fickle	Al Acerno
Doris Pascal	Class Poet	Henry Brean
Doris Schirmeister	Class Author	Joe Mackey
Christine Lahr	Quietest	Helmer Hallberg
Edith Gardner	Most Drag with Profs	Helmer Hallberg
Rosemary Cahill	Most Polite	Vic Kane
Lillian Courtney	Best Line	Al Acerno
Edith Gardner	Cleverest	Helmer Hallberg
Martha Ramagnan	Greatest Flirt	Al Acerno
Jean Edgerton	Best Sport	Vic Kane
Martha Ramagan	Best Dancer	Al Acerno
Dot Lanyi	Wrigley's Best Advertiser	Joe Mehler
Olive Cregan	Most Sarcastic	Charles Kuhnle
Muriel Tracy	Jolliest	Irving Weitzner
Florence Wolfe	Teachers' Blessing	Helmer Hallberg
Agnes Hussey	Most Modest	Lewis Preziosi
Edna Crawford	Most Conceited	Arthur Hoogenboom
Ruth Sifferlin	Most Blase	Horace Dengler
Julia Bahrenburg	Man Hater	
	Woman Hater	David Basile
Bea Nieberg	Laziest	Al Miller
Adelaide Otis	Noisiest	Martin Abisch
Elizabeth Wells	Most Versatile	Vic Kane
Betty Maushart	Nicest Smile	Larry Picoli
Edith Gardner	Done Most for R.H.H.S.	John O'Keefe
Mary Sanzone	Best Personality	John O'Keefe
Anne Wickman	Wittiest	Ben Wanderman

ABISCH, MARTIN
Glee Club. Orchestra, 90, 56, Main. Dramatic Club, 90, 56. Press Club. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Art Editor Class paper. Interclass Soccer and Football, '28.
One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

ACERNO, ALBERT
Cross-Country, '30, '31. Track, '32. Queens Cross-Country Championship Team, '30. All-Queens Cross-Country Team, '31. Major R. Track Scholarship to Manhattan College. Spring Play, '30. Christmas Play, '30. Campaign Speaker. President of Dramatic Class '31. Junior Arista. Spanish Club. Blue Cards. Inter-class Baseball Championship.
O, give me new figures, I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago.

ADAMS, DOROTHY
Blue Cards. Junior Arista. English Honor Class, 7, 8. **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate. French Club. Chevrons. Stamp Club. Chess Club. G. O. Store Staff. Senior Picture Committee. Columbine Club. Class Prophecy Committee.
Happy am I from care I'm free
Why can't all be contented like me.

ALBERT, HARRIET
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Secretary and Vice-President of Girl Reserves. Secretary of Press Club. Program Committee. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Atwater.
Better be small and shine than to be great and cast a shadow.

ALLGEY, KATHERINE
Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Manfred. **Domino** Captain. Commercial Club. Delegate to G. O. Cancus.
Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

ANGELOCH, FRED
Junior Arista. Stamp Club. Blue Cards.
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

ASTORE, HELEN
Junior Arista. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Levy. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club.
Little but—oh dear!

BACHERT, JOSEPH
P. S. A. L. Pins. Chemistry Club. Interclass Baseball Championship. Interclass Soccer. Newman Club. Junior Varsity Football. Blue Cards.
My mind to me a kingdom is.

BAHRENBURG, JULIA
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Senior P. S. A. L. Award. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards. Bank Captain.
Men might be better if we better deemed of them.

BAILEY, EUNICE
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pin. Secretary to Miss Walbancke. **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
A quiet fair-haired girl whose way
Is steadfast kept from day to day.

BANOME, ROBERT
Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. Interclass Basketball, Soccer and Baseball. Engineering Club. Freshman Relay Team. J. V. Football '29. Track Team '32. Sketch Club. Traffic Squad.
I am not a politician, and my other habits are good.

BASILE, DAVID
Scholarship Pins, (6 terms). Junior and Senior Arista. Wrestling Squad. P.S.A.L. Pins. J. V. Rifle '30, '31, '32. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Secretary in English Office. Sharp-shooter Medal. Camera, Press and Chemistry Clubs. Glee Club. Latin Pageant.
Who can mistake great thoughts?

BATES, JOHN
Junior Varsity Football '29. Interclass Soccer and Baseball. Blue Cards. **Dome Captain.** Self-denial Captain.
Care, to our coffin, adds a nail.

BAUER, DONALD
Glee Club. Scholarship Pin. President of Camera Club. Autograph Club. Junior Arista. Engineering Club. Interclass Soccer. **Domino** Photographer. Blue cards. Printing Squad (3 terms). **Domino** and **Dome** Captains. Classbook Art Editor. G. O. Delegate.
A Daniel come to judgment.

BAUSER, ROYAL
Blue Cards. Orchestra 56, Main. President of G. O., 56. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (4 terms). Treasurer of German Club.
Time is never lost that is devoted to study.

BAYORS, CONSTANCE
English Honor, 7, and 8. Junior Arista. Spanish Club. Spanish Musical Comedy. History Club. Girl Reserves. Sketch Club 56. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. medals.
Serene as a summer cloudless sky.

BERENTS, CHARLES N.
Blue Cards. Life-Guard Squad. Wrestling. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Leaders' Club. Model Club. Chemistry Club.
Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait.

BERGER, ALFRED
Blue Cards. Chess Club. Spring Play. Chemistry Club. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Autograph Club. Chess Team '31.
Little, gentle, wandering soul.

BERK, MORTON
Stamp Club.
He wears the rose of youth upon him.

BERKMAN, AIDA
Domino Staff. Dramatics. Secretary of Senior Arista. Secretary to Miss Konigsberg. P. S. A. L. Pins. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Costume Committee, Spring Play, "Pinafore," "Mikado." Girl Reserves. Flower Committee.
There's not a minute without some duty.

BERKOWITZ, SOPHIE
Walking Club. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Chevrons. G. O. Captain. Caucus Delegate. Dramatics. P. S. A. L. Pin. **Dome** Captain.
She is beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

BERLIN, ELI
Manager Varsity Rifle Team. "Mikado" Cast. "Pinafore" Cast. Port Washington Prize Play Cast. Scholarship Pins. Senior Arista. English Honor Class, 8. Glee Club. English Commendations.
A gentleman to the fingertips.

BEVILACQUA, ANGELO
Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Leete. Program Committee. Secretary to Miss Ratelle. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Life-guard.
O this learning, what a thing it is!

BILTON, DAVID
Engineering Club. Track, '32. Scholarship Pins.
All wisdom's armory this man could wield!

BLACKWELL, ANNETTE
English Honor Class, 7, and 8. Junior and Senior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Dann, Miss Burrage. Program Committee. Self-denial Captain, Caucus Delegate. Class book Assistant Editor. Chevrons. Columbine Club, 90. Blue Cards. Office Duty. Pan-American Student League. Class Prophecy Committee.
To her, Welcome ever smiles— and Farewell goes out sighing.

BOBER, WANDA T.
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins (5 Terms). Blue Cards. Championship Captain-ball and Basketball Teams. P. S. A. L. Medals. P. S. A. L. Pins. Chevrons. Leaders' Club. English Commendations. Secretary to Miss Aguero. Self-denial and G. O. Captains. Program Committee.
Speech is the mirror of the mind.

BOLLINGER, VINCENT
Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer '28. Championship Interclass Soccer Team '29. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball.
Much learning doth make thee mad.

BORDEN, LOIS
Junior Arista. English Commendation. English Honor Class, 7. and 8. Chevrons. Audubon Club, 56. Walking Club.
The greatest strength and wealth is self-control.

BORNSTEIN, HELEN
Captain of Captain Ball Team, 90. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Walking Club. Secretary of Craft Club. Sketch Club Illustrations for **With Silver Quill** and **Dome.** Girls' Fencing Club. **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
Art is indeed not the bread but the wine of life.

BRAMWELL, ARTHUR
Dome Contributor. English Honor, 7. Chemistry Club. Blue Cards. Secretary of Stamp Club. Traffic Squad. Bank Captain.
Only a slave must hurry.

BREAN, HENRY
Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. President of Chemistry Club. Engineering Club. English Honor 8. Interclass Soccer. P. S. A. L. Pin. Caucus Delegate.
I am not in the role of common men.

BRESOVITZ, DAISY
French Club. Dancing Club. Chevrons. Dramatics.
The daisies for simplicity and unaffected air.

BREWSTER, RAY
Vice-president G. O., 56. Treasurer of 5th Term. Blue Cards. Press Club. Interclass Basketball '30, '31. Chemistry Club. Class book Editor. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Collins, Mr. Byers, Mr. Thomas. R. H. Correspondent Evening Post. Annex Editor, **Domino.** Representative to Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Treasurer General Handbook Funds, 56.
Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

BROWN, ERMA
Chevrons, Sketch Club.
Patience and gentleness is power.

BRUNNEMER, FRED
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (4 terms). English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Blue Cards. Aide to Librarian. Traffic Squad. Bell Monitor, 90. Usher at Assembly, 90. Engineering Club. History Club. Captain of Interclass Basketball. Self-denial Captain.
The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

BUHROW, HERB
Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Baseball. J. V. Football "Pinafore" Cast. Spring Concert '31. P.S.A.L. Pins. Track, '31, '32. Major R. R. H. H. S. Letters. Record Queensboro Track Championship, '31. Glee Club, 90.
Neat, but not gaudy.

BUREK, MARY
Sword Society. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Commendations (5 terms). Championship Captain Ball Team. Minor Letters. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pin. Manager of Rifle Team.
I ought to have my own way in everything.

BURGESS, ROBERT
Cross Country '31, '32. Track '31. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Baseball, 90, 56. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad, '31, '32. Lunchroom Squad. P. S. A. L. Pins. Commercial Club. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain.
I had a thing to say, but I will fit it with some better time.

BURR, MARIE
Secretary to Miss Metz. Emergency Room Aide. Blue Cards. Chevrons. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain, 56.
One belief is as true as another.

CAHILL, ROSEMARY
G. O. Secretary, '32. Senior Arista. Cast of Spring Play, '31. Scholarship Pin. Secretary of 7th Term. Secretary of Quill. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Christmas Play Cast, '31.
She stands high in the hearts of all.

CAIN, ETHEL
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Leaders' Club. Caucus Delegate. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards.
A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

CAMBAS, JAMES
Varsity Baseball, '29, '31, '32. Varsity Soccer, '30, '31. Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Commercial Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
How sweet and sacred idleness is.

CARBONARO, MARY
Chevrons. Blue Cards. G. O. Captain. **Dome** Captain. Emergency Room Aide.
A modest blush she wears—formed by art.

CARROLL, MARGUERITE
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Commendation. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Program Committee. Class Book Art Editor.
Full of a sweet indifference.

CARSTENSEN, HEDWIG
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Card. German Club. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Program Committee.
It was her intention to be, rather than to appear good.

CASSIDY, MARIANNA
Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss MacKay. Traffic Squad. Office Duty, 56. Caucus Delegate. **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Walking Club. Spanish Club. Geometry Club. Chevrons. Newman Club.
Amiability is very often a weakness; but most unobjectionable as a rule.

CHARNY, PAUL
Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pins. Junior Arista. Track Team, '32.
On their own merits, modest men are dumb.

CIAK, STANLEY
Stamp Club. Chess Club. G. O. Poster Contest Winner, 56.
I'm sure care's an enemy to life.

CLARK, ELLA M.
Office Duty. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards. Dancing. P. S. A. L. Medals. Program Committee. Leaders' Club. Chevrons. Swimming Pins. Secretary to Miss Swenson.
Sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

CLARK, GRACE
Chevrons. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Assistant in "Mikado." Secretary to Miss Leete.
I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

CLARK, HARRY
Rifle Club. Orchestra. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. Class Paper Editor. **Dome** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. P. S. A. L. Pins. Stamp Club Winner.
Whose wit makes others witty.

CLARK, MILDRED
Secretary to Miss Voorhees. Blue Cards.
Gentle in manners, firm in action.

COBB, ALLEN
Scholarship Pin. Print Shop Squad. Cross-Country, '31. Track, '32. Spanish Club. Dramatics. Props and Paints, 56. **Domino** Staff. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Self-Denial Captain. Classbook Publisher. Traffic Squad.
Everything comes if a man will only wait.

COEN, MARGARET
Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. G. O. Store Staff. Newman Club. Commercial Club. Secretary to Miss Manfred. Hearthstone Club.
She was a phantom of delight when first she gleamed upon my sight.

COLLETTI, FANNY
Blue Cards. Secretary of Spanish Club. Choral Training. "Mikado'" and "Pinafore" Casts. Bank Captain. **Domino** Captain. Spanish Club. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mrs. Wagler and Mrs. Byron.
All musical people seem to be happy.

COMMERFORD, MARIE
Secretary to Miss Metz. Program Committee. Junior Arista. Self-denial Captain. Picture Committee. Chevrons. Swimming Pins. Blue Cards. Newman Club. Columbine Club. G. O. Captain.
They who are pleased themselves must always please.

CONRAD, EDNA
She is a winsome wee thing.

CORTEGIANO, ELEANOR J.
Secretary in Health Education Office. Secretary to Mr. Valentine. Blue Cards. Leaders' Club. Chevrons. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Pins. Commercial Club. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Program Committee. Office Duty, 56. Caucus Delegate. Assistant to Miss Levy.
We all love a pretty girl.

COULTON, EDWIN
Secretary to Mr. Thomas. Interclass Soccer. Baseball. Blue Cards. Secretary of Locker-room. G. O. Captain. **Domino** Captain.
His heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

COURTNEY, LILY T.
Leaders' Club. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Secretary of Latin Club. Caucus Delegate. **Domino** Staff. G. O. Captain. Secretary to Miss Voorhees. P. S. A. L. Medals. Newman Club.
If it is not true, it is very well invented.

COWELL, EDITH
Blue Cards. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield. Secretary to Miss Barber. **Domino** Captain. Commercial Club.
Of studie tooke she most care and heede.

CRAWFORD, EDNA
Leaders' Club. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Bonnick. G. O. Captain. Self-denial Captain. **Dome** Captain.
And but herself admits no parallel.

CREGAN, OLIVE
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (7 terms). Quill. Orchestra. Props and Paints, 56. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. English Commendation. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Glee Club. Office Duty, 56. History Club.
Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower.

CURTIS, MARJORIE
Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield, Mr. Stevenson. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Bank Captain. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Bank Staff. Publisher of Class Book.
With all women gentleness is the most persuasive and powerful argument.

D'ANDREA, FRANK
Orchestra. Band. Minor Letters. Interclass Soccer and Football. Blue Cards. Rifle Club. **Domino** Captain. Assistant editor of classbook. "Pinafore" and "Mikado"' Cast. Service Squad. Spring Concert.
In forming an artist art hath decreed
To make some good but others to exceed.

DENNEN, RITA
Swimming Pins. Chevrons. Choral Training. Newman Club.
Slow but sure.

DEVINE, JACK
Interclass Baseball, 28. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Engineering Club. Who's Who Committee. Caucus Delegate. History Club. Traffic Squad.
The trick of singularity.

DIEFENBACH, MARION
Chevrons. Usher at Assembly, 90. Girl Reserves. Baseball Ticket Sales Committee, 90. **Dome** Captain.
No legacy is so rich as honesty.

DITTMAR, ADOLPH
Orchestra. Stamp Club. P. T. Leader. Swimming Squad. **Domino** Captain. Engineering Club. Blue Cards. Riding Club. Interclass Soccer.
Be for once unwise.

DITZEL, IRA
Interclass Soccer. Interclass Baseball. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Traffic Squad. History Club. Stamp Club. Blue Cards. Baseball. G. O. Captain. Art Club.
I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

DORR, HARRIET
Chevrons. Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Leaders' Club. Glee Club, 90. Fencing Club.
Softness of smile indicates softness of character.

DUNIEFF, ETHEL
G. O. Secretary, 90. President and Treasurer of Craft Club. Christmas Play Cast, '31. Glee Club. Secretary to Miss Glasser, Mr. Kanwit. **Domino** Captain. **Dome** Captain. Pan-American Student League. Secretary to Miss Swenson. P. S. A. L. Medals. Campaign Manager. Sales Manager **"With Silver Quill."** Blue Cards.
All the world practices the art of acting.

EDGERTON, JEAN
Junior and Senior Arista. Leader of Sword. Traffic Squad, 90. Roosevelt Medal, 90. Vice-president Sixth Term Class. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins (7 terms). Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Championship Basketball Teams. Captainball Team. Emergency Room Aide. Swimming Pins. Assistant to Miss Levy. **Domino** Staff.
Great minds are pleased in doing good.

EIMER, MIRIAM
Junior and Senior Arista. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. English Commendation. Swimming Pin. Scholarship Pin. Chevrons. Leaders' Club. G. O. Campaign Speaker, 90. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mrs. Bellus, Miss Buttice. Emergency Room Aide. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Spanish Club. Girl Reserves. Dramatics.
Nothing is impossible to industry.

ELDRIDGE, DOROTHY
Chevrons. Chess and Checker Club, 56. Bridge Club.
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

ERWIN, JOHN
"Pinafore" Cast. Spring Concert. "Mikado" Cast. Blue Cards. Freshman Football, '28. Classbook editor. Traffic Squad. Interclass Soccer. Caucus Delegate. Secretary of Stamp Club. History Club.
If women be there, there I am also.

FARGIONE, ALFRED
Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Football. Engineering Club. Blue Cards.
The chief business of man is to speak;

FELD, LOUIS
My own thoughts are my own companions.

FERNS, ARLINE
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Choral Training. "Mikado" Cast. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Christmas Play Staff.
With thee conversing, I forget all time.

FIALA, VALERIE
Blue Cards. Chevrons. Office Duty. Secretary to Miss Leete.
Every man for himself.

FICHTE, ANNA
Secretary to Mr. Wood. Glee Club, 56. Chevrons. Basketball. Commercial Club. Blue Cards.
And hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard.

FINKEN, EDWARD J.
Interclass Basketball. Biology Club, 56. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards.
Go to the ant, thou sluggard.

FLECK, EVELYN
Domino and **Dome** Captains. Bank Captain. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. French Club. Newman Club. Secretary to Miss Aguero. Blue Cards.
Speech is great, but silence is greater.

FLYNN, AGNES
Captainball and Swimming. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. Newman Club.
What a head to contrive and a tongue to persuade.

FOESCH, ETHEL
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club. Blue Cards.
Out of too much learning comes madness.

FRASER, GEORGE
Engineering Club. Wrestling, '31, '32. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. History Club. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate.
There's nothing so advantages a man as mildness and complacency.

FRIEDLANDER, RAY
Domino Staff. Secretary to Mr. Foerster.
Forbear to judge, for we are all sinners.

GARDNER, EDITH L.
Editor-in-Chief of **Dome.** Girl Leader of Senior Arista. President and Secretary of Quill. Sword Society. Championship Basketball and Captainball Team. English Commendation (5 terms). **Domino** Staff. Secretary to Miss Ratelle. Minor Letter. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Classbook Editor. Secretary of History Club. President of Dramatic Club, 90. Scholastic Pins (7 terms). English Honor Class 7.
The hill has not yet lifted its face to Heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last.

GARIBALDI, EMMA
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. President of Spanish Club. Spanish Medal. Newman Club. Secretary to Mrs. Byron, Mr. Kanwit. Spanish Musical Comedy. Blue Cards. Chevrons. **Domino** and **Dome** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
It would talk; Lord, how it would talk!

GAYDOSTIK, ARTY
Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Co-winner Handball Tournament. Commercial Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Interclass Basketball.
There are some heads that have no windows.

GEISEN, IRENE
Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. **Domino** Captain. Secretary ot Mr. Wood, Miss Prinzing. Newman Club. Glee Club. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club.
For "ignorance is the mother of devotion" as all the world knows.

GILFILLAN, MILDRED
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Poster Prize. President of Sketch Club, 56. Chevrons. Swimming Pins. Red Cross Swimming Pin. Senior Life-Saving Award. Swimming Team. Assistant to Miss Levy. **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate. Pan-American Student League. Newman Club.
Nonsense and noise too oft prevail.

GINSBURG, BENJAMIN
Numerals. Interclass Soccer '28. President and Secretary of Chess Club. Engineering Club. Junior Arista.
In life as in chess, forethought wins.

GIROUX, HELEN
Sword Society. Vice-president Spanish Club. Spanish Certificate. Vice-president Pan-American Student League. Junior and Senior Arista. Debating and Poetry Chairman. Championship Basketball and Captainball Teams. P. S. A. L. Pins. Chevrons. Major and Minor Letters. Usher at Commencement. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Store Staff. Blue Cards.
It is a great plague to be too beautiful.

GIUGLIANO, ANTHONY
Interclass Baseball, Basketball and Soccer. Newman Club. Commercial Club. Chess Team. President of Chess Club. **Domino** Staff.
A gentleman who writes with ease.

GOETCHIUS, KATHERINE
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Chevrons.
A woman's mind and the winter wind change oft.

GOLDBERG, ANITA E.
"Mikado" Cast. Caucus Delegate. English Commendation. Editor of Classbook. Editor of Class Paper. **Domino** Captain. Dramatics. Blue Cards. Chevrons.
Ambition has no rest.

GOLDSMITH, MAX
Cross-country, 31. Track, '32. Service Squad. Self-denial Captain. **Domino** Captain. Secretary to Miss Ratelle. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. French Club. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Blue Cards.
There are as many characters in men as there are shapes in nature.

GOLDSTEIN, ALLEN
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Service Squad. Blue Cards. Engineering Club. **Dome** Captain. Interclass Basketball. P. T. Leader.
Why does one man's yawning make another yawn?

GRIEBEL, ROBERT
Varsity Swimming, '30, '31, '32. Manager of Swimming, '31, '32. Junior Varsity Football. Vice-president of the Senior Class. Pool assistant to Mr. Hoffman. Swimming Medal. Senior Lifesaving Award. Blue Cards. Major Letters.
Know'st me not by my clothes?

GROCHOLA, OLGA
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Leete. Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club. Newman Club. Chevrons. Girl Reserves.
Another flood of words, a very torrent.

GROSS, DAVE
Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Camera Club. Service Squad. Class Paper Editor. Cross word and Anagram Club. English Honor Class, 8. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.
Prefer diligence before idleness unless you esteem rust above brightness.

GRUOL, LESTER
Engineering Club. **Dome** anr **Domino** Captain. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Traffic Squad, 56. Blue Cards.
There are generally two qualities necessary for perfection, practice and perseverance.

GUILLIUM, FRED
Cross-country Team, '31. Track Team, '32. Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Engineering Club. History Club. Traffic Squad, 90. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards.
I shall show the cinders of my spirits through the ashes of my chance.

GUNN, ROBERT
Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Vice-president of G. O., 90. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Traffic Squad. Newman Club. Baseball Club.
Wake not a sleeping lion!

GUSS, EDWARD
From Emerson High School. Interclass Basketball.
Reading maketh a full man.

HAHN, EDWARD
Orchestra. Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Football Squad. Junior Arista.
Knowledge is our ultimate goal.

HALL, RUTH
Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Finnegan. Traffic Squad. Walking Club. German Club. Hearthstone Club.
Amiability shines by its own light.

HALLBERG, HELMER
Editor-in-Chief of the **Domino.** Delegate to the Columbia Press Convention. Junior and Senior Arista. Classical Club. Latin Medal. Scholarship Pin (6 terms). School Art League Medal. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Traffic Squad.
It well becomes a young man to be modest.

HALLER, FLORENCE
Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. G. O. Captain. Secretary to Miss Robeson. Commercial Club. Caucus Delegate.
Press on, there's no such word as fail.

HALLMAN, DOROTHY L.
Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Rolf, Dr. Corson, and Mr. Storer. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. English Commendation. **Dome** Captain.
Education is like a golden crown.

HAMILTON, MARSHALL
Orchestra, 56, 90, and Main. Band. Interclass Soccer. English Commendation. Caucus Delegate. Minor Letters. Blue Cards.
Yet have I something in me dangerous.

HARRIGAN, WARREN
Student Leader. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Floor Manager of the **Dome.** Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Printing Squad. Engineering Club. Newman Club.
I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept my faith.

HARTIG, WALTER
Traffic Squad. Engineering Club. Architecture Club. **Domino** Captain. Cross-country. Baseball, '32. Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer. Caucus Delegate.
The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.

HAYWARD, HELEN M.
Blue Cards. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Barber. Commercial Club. P. S. A. L. Pin. Caucus Delegate. English Commendation.
Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstasy.

HEISER, WALTER
Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Glee Club. Camera Club. Engineering Club. Interclass Soccer. Traffic Squad.
The will to do and the will to dare.

HELLER, JOSEPH
G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Baseball.
Sir, your wit ambles well.

HESSE, CLIFFORD
Interclass Soccer. Print Shop. Chess and Checker Club, 56. Traffic Squad.
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.

HEYEN, ADELAIDE
Sword Society. Junior and Senior Arista. English Commendations. English Honor Class, 8. Scholarship Pins. Secretary of German Club. Minor Letters. Championship Basketball and Captainball Teams. Secretary to Miss Feise. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Swimming Pin. **Dome** Captain.
Of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

HOCH, FLORENCE
Secretary to Miss Ratelle and Mr. Atwater. Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Blue Cards. President of German Club. Orchestra. Glee Club. Girl Reserves. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. English Commendation. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Service Squad. Program Committee. Senior Flower Committee. Senior Class Prophecy Committee.
Let the reward of duty be duty itself.

HOFFMANN, CHARLES L.
Orchestra, 90, 56, and Main. "Mikado" Cast. Spring Concert. Stamp Club. Engineering Club. Model Club. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards.
There is a majesty in simplicity.

HOLMES, DONALD
Scholarship Pin. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. **Dome** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.

HOLZINGER, GRISELDA
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English Honor Class, 8. History Club. Open Forum. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Girl Reserves.
I know everything except myself.

HOOGENBOOM, ARTHUR
R. H. H. S. Letters. Soccer, '29, '30. Student Board Member, '29. Traffic Squad. President of the 7th Term Class. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards.
In men this blunder still you find.
All think their little set mankind.

HOPKINS, STEPHEN
Engineering Club. Interclass soccer. Anagram Club.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

HOUSE, HILDA
English Commendation. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Smith, Miss Dithridge. Junior Arista. Costume Committee for Christmas Play, '31. Chevrons.
Repartee is the soul of conversation.

HOWER, ROBERT
Captain of the Swimming Team. Spring Play, '31. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
Fortune befriends the bold.

HUNDT, MARTA
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. President of the French Club. Vice-president and Secretary of German Club. Office Duty. Chevrons. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain.
Every man's fortune is moulded by his character.

HUSSY, AGNES
Scholarship Pin (3 terms). English Commendations. Junior Arista. Secretary to Miss Metz. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. Newman Club. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club. Blue Cards.
I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world.

JAFFE, JANE
Hearthstone Club. Walking. Swimming. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Scholarship Pin.
Cool words scald not the tongue.

JANSSEN, GERTRUDE
P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Finn. Program Committee. German Club. Traffic Squad. Registration of Freshmen. Secretary to Miss Leete. Blue Cards.
The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

JAUCK, WALTER
Domino Staff. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards.
Fullness is always quiet.

JEHLE, FRED
Dome and **Domino** Staff. Soccer, '27, Caucus Delegate.
To sleep, to sleep; perchance to dream.

KABAT, LEAH
Domino Captain. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Bank. Hearthstone Club. Secretary to Miss Swenson.
True dignity abides with her.

KAISER, ARTHUR
Captain Varsity Tennis, '32. Swimming, '31. Junior Varsity Basketball and Baseball. **Domino** Staff. Minor and Major Letters. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Interclass Soccer and Basketball. Classbook Editor. Fencing Club. Prom Committee.
That's as well said as if I'd said it myself.

KANE, VICTOR
From St. James High School. Football, '31. Basketball, '31-'32. Wrestling, '31. Track, '32. Senior Arista. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Wrestling. Gold P. S. A. L. Medal. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Newman Club. Pan-American Student League. Major Letters.
Not much talk—
Rather a deep, great silence.

KARL, DOROTHY
P. S. A. L. Medals. Newman Club. Chevrons. Swimming Pins.
Sightly is her slender nose, tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

KASH, BERT
Cross Country, '30, '31. Track, '32. **Domino** Floor Manager. Interclass Basketball, '28. Traffic Squad, 90 and Main. Model Club. Minor Letters.
Oh, would'st I travel as fast as idle gossip of others.

KEATING, VIRGINIA
G. O. Store Staff. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. English Honor Class 7. English Commendation.
A daughter of the gods; divinely tall
And most divinely fair.

KELLER, JAMES
Blue Cards. Laboratory Assistant to Mr. Clegg. **Dome** and **Domino** Business Manager at Annex. Service Squad. Life-guard. Shop Foreman. Pilot Club.
Things past redress are not with me past care.

KELLY, FLORENCE
Orchestra, 90. Glee Club, 90. Choral Training. "Pinafore" Cast. Spring Concert. Secretary to Mr. Wood, Mrs. Poetz. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons.
They mocked me for too much curiosity.

KERBY, MURIEL
Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Leaders' Club. Self-denial Captain. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards.
It is a woman's reason to say "I will do such a thing because I will."

KESSLER, BERNICE
Choral Training. "Pinafore" Cast. Spring Concerts. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Self-denial Captain. Columbine Club, 90.
The silent countenance often speaks.

KLEIN, GERTRUDE
Self-denial Captain. **Domino** Captain. Office Duty. Swimming Chevrons. Leaders' Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
Second thoughts, they say, are best.

KNOWLES, LENA
Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield. Blue Cards. English Honor Class, 7. English Commendation. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Girl Reserves. Commercial Club. Chevrons.
Gentle of speech, beneficient of mind.

KOHLER, BERNARD
Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. P. S. A. L. Pins. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Caucus Delegate. Glee Club. Lunchroom Squad. Classbook Editor. Class paper Publisher.
Quiet is he, but empty boxes make the most noise.

KOROTKIN, DAVID
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (3 terms). Traffic Squad. Service Squad. Secretary to Miss Leete. French Club. Glee Club. Engineering Club. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. English Honor Class, 8.
Sentimental demonstrations are out of place in railroad stations.

KRAFT, RAYMOND
Baseball Squad. Football. Interclass Basketball. Swimming.
Good at a fight, but better at play,
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

KRAMER, LUCILLE E.
Senior Arista. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Blue Cards. History Club. Traffic Squad. Secretary in General Office. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin.
For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varied.

KRAUSS, FREDERICK
Traffic Squad, 90. Hall Squad, Main. Wrestling Team. Open Forum. Blue Cards. Self-denial Captain. Orchestra, 90, and 56.
The noise of many waters.

KRIDER, ELIZABETH
English Honor Class 8. English Commendations. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming Pins. Assistant to Miss Levy. Secretary to Miss Ratelle. Secretary in Health Education Office. Junior and Senior Arista. Treasurer of Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins (7 terms). Blue Cards. Knocks and Boosts Committee.
Best they honor thee,
Who honor in thee only what is best.

KUHNLE, CHARLES
Scholarship Pin (4 terms). Junior Arista. Junior Varsity Baseball, 56. English Honor Class, 8. **Domino** Staff. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Interclass Basketball. Chemistry Club. Engineering Club. Interclass Soccer. Spring Concert, '29. Caucus Delegate.
I hasten to laugh at everything, for fear of being obliged to weep.

KULKMAN, HENRY
Domino Staff. Spring Play, '31. Traffic Squad. English Honor Class, 8. English Commendation.
A quill is a little instrument of mighty power.

LAHR, CHRISTINE
Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. Girls Reserves. Columbine Club, 90. English Honor Class, 7. English Commendation. Blue Cards.
Much wisdom often goes with the fewest words.

LANDERS, ELIZABETH
From Our Lady of Wisdom Academy.
The hair is the finest ornament women have.

LANG, NINA
Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

LANGE, EVELYN
Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Geometry Club. Spanish Club.
Her hair gleamed like molten gold in the firelight.

LANYI, DOROTHY
Chevrons. Blue Cards. Art Club, 90. Office Duty, 56. **Dome** Captain. Hearthstone Club.
The most common impediment in the speech of Americans is gum.

LAUSTER, HELEN
Dome Captain. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Glee Club. Self-denial Captain.
There is no knowledge which is not valuable.

LEHR, ANNA
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. German Club. Girl Reserves. Columbine Club, 90. Caucus Delegate. Publisher of Classbook.
A woman was seated on a hillock as quiet as a shadow.

LILKENDEY, HENRY
Interclass Soccer. Championship Interclass Baseball Team, '29. Chemistry Club. Track Team.
With consistency a great soul has nothing to do.

LIND, EDNA
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Commercial Club. Glee Club, 56. Open Forum. Blue Cards. Girl Reserves. Secretary to Mr. Dann.
If the professor sneezed she wrote it down.

LUDEMANN, EDWARD
Interclass Basketball. Interclass Football. Junior Varsity Baseball Team, 56. Wrestling Team. Spanish Club. Art Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
I bend and do not break.

LUTRINGER, DOROTHEA
Junior and Senior Arista. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Props and Paints, 56. P. S. A. L. Medal. P. S. A. L. Pin. Chevrons. Girl Reserves. English Commendation. Quill.
A noble type of quiet studious womanhood.

LYNCH, ARTHUR
R. H. H. S. Letters. Swimming Team, '31. Aid in pool. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Swimming. Glee Club, '29. Spring Concert. Commercial Club.
I like to work, but there are things better.

MacINNES, MARY
Commercial Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Tressler, Chevrons.
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

MACKEY, JOSEPH
Domino Editorial Staff. **Domino** Club Editor and Dramatic Critic. G. O. Speaker. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Campaign Manager and Speaker. Props and Paints, 56. President and Vice-president Autograph Club. Christmas Play, '30, '31. Spring Play, '31. Quill. Classbook Editor. Blue Cards. **Dome** Contributor.
A journalist who shapes the future of the world by his writing.

MANGIARDI, THERESA
Props and Paints, 56. "Pinafore" Cast. "Mikado" Cast. Spring Concerts. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Columbine Club, 90. Christmas Play, '31. Girl Reserves.
If to her share some errors fall
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

MANTHEY, HELEN
Associate Editor of **Dome. Domino** Staff. Delegate to Columbine Press Convention. Quill. Junior Arista. English Commendation. Blue Cards. Manager Tennis Tournament, 56. Traffic Squad. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. English Honor Class, 8. Class Night Committee.
Her wit is the flower of imagination.

MARI, LOUISE
Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Swimming and Dancing Chevrons. Program Chairman of the Commercial Club. Newman Club. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains.
Charm strikes the eye and merit wins the soul.

MARQUARD, RUTH
Horseback Riding. Swimming Medal. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Dancing. Basketball, Captainball. **Domino** Captain. Blue Card. Program Committee.
She occasionally treats us to brilliant flashes of silence.

MARTIN, WILLIAM
English Honor Class, 7. Soccer, 90.
He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

MASON, CLEMENT C.
Camera Club. Poster Club. Model Club. Stamp Club. Junior Arista. Interclass Soccer. Spring Play, '31. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards.
Life without laughing is a dreary blank.

MAUSHART, BETTY
G. O. Vice-president, '31. Chairman G. O. Caucus. Chairman G. O. Convention. Speaker at G. O. Installation. President of Bank. Scholarship Pins. Junior and Senior Arista. English Commendations. English and Accounting Honor Classes. Red Cross Solicitor. Office Duty. Traffic Squad. Bank Staff. **Domino** Staff. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. Program Committee. Press Representative of Bank.
O blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today.

McDONALD, FLETCHER
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Print Shop. Secretary to Mr. Collins. Blue Cards. Official Class Secretary.
Oh, do not slander him, for he's kind.

McNULTY, JOE
Basketball, '31, '32. Soccer, '30, '31. Track, '29. G. O. President, 90. G. O. Vice-president, '32. Manager Golf, '31. Major and Minor Letters.
The breeze of popular favor.

McVEA, ISABEL
Blue Cards. **Dome** and **Domino** Captains. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Commercial Club. Swimming.
Women of the world crave excitement.

MEHLER, JOE
Secretary to Mr. Collins. Captain Cheering Squad, '31. Co-captain, '32. Blue Cards.
I'll cheer the air to give you sound
While you perform your antic round.

MELCHIOR, EGBERT
Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball, 90. Interclass Soccer, 90. Interclass Basketball. Caucus Delegate. Regents Honor Roll.
He knows not who he is, nor if he is, nor if he is not.

MENECHINO, LEW
Spanish Club. Pan-American Student League. Traffic Squad Captain. Interclass Soccer. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Blue Cards. Glee Club, 90. **Dome** Captain.
Noble natures pay with what they are.

MEYER, WILLIAM
Swimming Team, '30, '31. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Glee Club, 90. Interclass Soccer and Baseball Captain. Blue Cards.
Our thoughts and conduct are our own.

MILEO, JOHN M.
Junior Arista. History Club. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** and **Domino** Floor Manager. G. O. Captain. **Dome** Staff. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball.
He indulged his flair for wisecracks.

MILLER, ALBERT
Manager Baseball Team, '30, '31, '32. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Interclass Baseball, Soccer, and Basketball. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin.
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.

MILLER, BARBARA
President of the Commercial Club. Secretary to Miss Leete. Bank Staff. Hearthstone Club. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. G. O. Captain. Self-denial Captain. Bank Captain. Chevrons. Walking Club. Swimming. P. S. A. L. Medals. Blue Cards.
There are other things besides beauty with which to capture the hearts of men.

MILROY, J. MORIN
Print Shop. **Domino** and **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer. P. S. A. L. Pin.
Men of few words are the best men.

MISHKEN, MARTIN
Interclass Soccer, Baseball, Football. Poster Club. Pan-American Student League. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pins.
I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.

MITCHELL, RUTH
Dancing Club. English Commendation. Secretary in Health Education Office. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. G. O. Captain.
To the worker even God lends aid.

MOORE, LILLIAN
P. S. A. L. Medals. Blue Cards. Swimming Pins. Girl Reserves. Chevrons.
What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while.

MURPHY, WILLIAM
Interclass Soccer, Baseball, Rifle. Band. Orchestra. Engineering Club. **Dome** Captain. Junior Varsity Football. Leaders' Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad, 90.
A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

NACHTRAB, GEORGE
Spanish Club. Secretary of French Club. Poster Club. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Pan-American Student League. Art Editor of Class paper and Classbook.
Art is power.

NEUTRA, JENNET
P. S. A. L. Medal. Hockey. Tennis. Captainball. Walking Club.
A learned man is riches in himself.

NEWALL, MARGARET
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Horseback Riding Medal. English Commendation. Art Scholarship to Museum of Natural History. Caucus Delegate. Girl Reserves. Columbine Club.
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns
And sweet as English air could make her.

NIEBERG, BEATRICE
Dramatics. Spring Play, '31. English Commendation. Orchestra, 56. Spanish Club. Riding Club. Leaders' Club. **Domino** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
On what strange stuff Ambition feeds.

NOBLE, CHARLOTTE
Blue Cards. G. O. Captain. Self-denial Captain. Swimming.
I would rather be right than president.

NUSENFESS, EVELYN
Girl Reserves. History Club. **Domino** Staff. Office Duty. Equestrian Club, 56. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Self-denial Captain. **Dome** Captain.
Happy is he whose armor is his honest thought.

OHMS, EDWARD
Domino Captain. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Latin Club, 90. Engineering Club.
A gentleman makes no noise.

O'KEEFE, JOHN
President of the Senior Class. Boy Leader of Senior Arista. President of 6th Term Class. Secretary of 5th Term Class. Queen's Representative to National Red Cross Convention at Washington, D. C. Head of Traffic Squad. English Honor Class, 8. Track, '29, '31 and '32. Captain, '32. City Novice Champion 100 Yards. Soccer, '31. All-scholastic Soccer. Captain Junior Varsity Baseball. Junior Varsity Football. Secretary to Miss Rotelle. Caucus Delegate. Campaign Speaker.
I have said everything when I have named the man.

O'NEILL, EDWARD
Rifle, Captain '31, '32. Major Letters. R. H. Letter. National Rifle Association Awards. Blue Cards. Swimming, '30.
A mark, marvelous well shot.

ORGELFINGER, LOUIS
Track, '32. Engineer Club. Blue Cards. **Domino** Captain. Traffic Squad, '31, '32. Campaign Speaker. Interclass Baseball. P. S. A. L. Pin. Interclass Basketball. Caucus Delegate.
Winged words.

OTIS, ADELAIDE
Horseback Riding. Fencing. Winner 1st Prize Intermediate Class Riding Tournament, '31. Blue Cards. English Commendation. First Prize "N. Y. Times" Contest Written Essay. Caucus Delegate. **Dome** and **Domino** Staff. Campaign Speaker. Program Committee.
As a man speaketh, so is he.

OTT, ELINOR
Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Campbell. Walking. Swimming. Captainball. Chevrons.
A face with gladness overspread—soft smiles by human kindness bred.

OTTO, LOUIS
Orchestra. R. H. H. S. Letter. Interclass Soccer. Blue Cards.
His life is of music; noble and true.

PALMERI, CARMELA
President and Vice-president Girl Reserves. Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Chevrons. French Club. Columbine Club. English Commendation. Classbook Editor and Publisher. Blue Cards. Program Committee.
A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

PANZL, WALTER
Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Interclass Basketball, '31.
For whom do you comb your hair, plain in your neatness?

PASCAL, DORIS
Junior and Senior Arista. **Dome** Board. Scholarship Pin. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Quill. Program Committee. Secretary to Mr. Ullman. Blue Cards. Chevrons. **Dome** Captain. Pan-American Student League.
She aspires to be a poet
And with the poets stand.

PENTECOST, HOWARD
Blue Cards. Wrestling Team. Repair Squad. Model Club. Traffic Squad. P. T. Secretary (2 terms). Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Caucus Delegate.
The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute.

PETERSEN, LORAINE
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. **Dome** Board. **Domino** Staff. Quill. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Blue Cards. English Honor Class, 7. Dramatics. Cafeteria Squad.
Of all those arts in which the wise excel
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

PFAFFMANN, ANNA
Chevrons. History Club. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Spring and Christmas Plays Staff.
Virtue is indeed its own reward.

PHILLIPS, HOWARD
From Jamaica High School. **Domino** Captain.
Victory is a thing of the will.

PIAZZA, VITO
Basketball, '31, '32. Captain Interclass Soccer and Baseball. Annex 90 Baseball Team. Dramatic Club, Annex 90. Varsity Soccer, '31. Major Letters and R. H. H. S. Letters. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin.
The sweetest hour that e'er I spent, I spent among the lassies.

PICOLI, LAWRENCE
Baseball, '29, '30, '31, '32. Blue Cards. Soccer, '31. P. S. A. L. Pins. Basketball, '32. Captain of Traffic Squad. G. O. President, '32.
A president he would be, nothing less.

POKRAS, ANN
Leaders' Club. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins.
A smile with an intent to do mischief.

POWELL, CHARLES
I build castles in the air.

PREZIOSI, LOUIS
Varsity Soccer, '30, '31. Traffic Squad Leader. Junior Varsity Football. Junior Varsity Baseball. Art Editor Classbook.
Ho, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.

PURCHASE, LOUIS
Chemistry Club. Engineering Club. Blue Cards. Model Club.
From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, he is all mirth.

QUALEY, IMOGENE
Dome and **Domino** Captains. Caucus Delegate. Self-denial Captain. Girl Reserves. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Medals. Captain Ball Team, 56. Chevrons. Equestrian Club, 56.
A lassie full fair and frolicksome.

RABER, CLAIRE
Secretary to Mr. Atwater, Mr. Andrews. Blue Cards. Dramatic Club. Stamp Club. Chevrons. **Dome** Captain.
A goodly lady; modest as morning.

RAMAGNAN, MARTHE
Leaders' Club. Fencing. Chevrons. Travel Club. Art Editor Classbook. Secretary to Mr. Hopkins. General Office. G. O. Store. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards.
The eternal feminine draweth us on.

RANFT, GEORGE
Engineering Club. School Guard. P. S. A. L. Pins. R. H. Letters. Band. Track, '32. **Domino** and **Dome** Captains. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Traffic Squad, '29. Blue Cards.
A jest in time of danger shows the pulses even.

RAUTH, WILLIAM
P. S. A. L. Pin. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Blue Card. Commercial Club.
There is always safety in valor.

REESE, PETER
Engineering Club. **Dome** Captain. Traffic Squad, 56. Main. Orchestra, 56. Usher. Interclass Soccer.
To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune.

REICHLING, FLORENCE
Secretary to Mr. Landers. Swimming Chevrons.
Whatever is unknown is supposed to be magnificent.

ROBINSON, ELLIOTT
"Pinafore" Cast. Traffic Squad. Chess Club. Blue Cards. Engineering Club. Freshman Track. Poster Club. Glee Club. Chemistry Club. Fencing Club. Nautical Club.
A wise man never loses his temper.

RODENBURG, LILLIAN
Blue Cards. Tennis Chevron. Dancing.
She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with.

ROMANO, URSULA
Hearthstone Club. Walking. Commercial Club. Blue Cards. Captainball. Basketball. Swimming. Program Committee. Chevrons.
As merry as the day is long.

ROSENBAUM, ALBERT
Dome and **Domino** Captains. Traffic Squad. **Domino** Staff. Track, '32. Major and Minor Letters. French Club. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Baseball. Class Book Editor. Blue Cards.
What shall a man do but be merry?

ROSENQUIST, GEORGE
Junior Arista. Engineering Club. Spanish Club. Model Club. Service Squad. Traffic Squad, 90. Editor Class paper. Assistant Art Editor Classbook. Interclass Baseball.
Deeds not words.

ROTH, ANNA
Secretary to Mr. Foerster. Commercial Club. Swimming, Captainball, Basketball, and Walking Chevrons. Blue Cards.
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.

ROTH, VIRGINIA
Sword Society. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Championship Captainball and Basketball Team. Swimming Team. Swimming Medal. Minor Letters. Major Letters. Secretary of 6th Term Class.
Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage; generous and free.

ROTHENBERGER, HOWARD
Fencing Team, '32. Fencing Club. **Dome** Staff. **Domino** Staff. Dramatics. Traffic Squad. Glee Club. Short Story Club. Blue Cards.
Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

ROTHSCHILD, VIVIAN
From Evander Childs High School. Open Forum. Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Junior Arista. Lunch Room Squad.
Fair lady, you drop manna in the way of starving people.

RUBINO, ALEJANDER
Blue Cards. Interclass Swimming. Interclass Baseball.
Education is a possession of which man cannot be robbed.

RUST, MADELINE
Domino Staff. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. English Commendations. Junior and Senior Arista. Secretary to Miss Konigsberg. Scholarship Pins. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chairman Costume Committee for Spring Plays and Operas. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards.
Whose words took all ears captive.

SACHSE, WILLIAM
Engineering Club, '31, '32. Gym Team. Senior Arista. English Honor Class, 7.
Men of few words are the best men.

SADUSK, FLORENCE
Secretary to Miss Read. **Domino** Captain. Pan-American Student League. Chevrons.
My will is backed with resolution.

SAMMIS, FLORENCE
Blue Cards. Self-denial Captain. Annex Glee Club. Swimming Chevrons.
Hardest thing for me to do is to keep quiet.

SANZONE, MARY
Vice-president of 7th Term. Treasurer of Senior Class. Treasurer of French Club. Commercial Club. Girl Reserves. Secretary to Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Nichols. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Captain. Campaign Speaker. Secretary of English Class. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
The men call her sweet;
The stairs, as she treads on them, kiss her feet.

SAUNDERS, JACK P.
From Wadsworth Secondary School, London, England. Chemistry Club. Open Forum. Vice-president of the French Club. Chairman Committee on Affairs for the Print Squad.
Sons are the anchors of a mother's life.

SCHACHNE, ROSLYN
Dramatics. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Librarian, 56. Girl Reserves. Columbine Club, 90. Geometry Club. **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain.
On the stage, she was simple, affecting,
'Twas only when she was off, that she was acting.

SCHAFFEL, FRANCIS
Football, '31. Wrestling Team. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Pan-American Student League.
In arguing, too, the parson showed his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still.

SCHIRMEISTER, DORIS
Junior and Senior Arista. Orchestra. Scholarship Pins. Quill. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Minor Letters. Captainball Letters. Runner-up Pin for Basketball Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Ullman. —Blue Cards.
Exhausting thought and living wisdom with each studious year.

SCHLEDORN, EDWARD E.
Blue Cards. Numerals. "Pinafore" Cast. Spring Concert. **Domino** Captain. Interclass Soccer. Basketball, Baseball. Traffic Squad.
Not all the brains can touch the gifts which science flngs us.

SCHLOSSHAUER, EMMA
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Commendations. English Honor Class, 7 and 8. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Glee Club. "Mikado" Cast. Quill.
Let him who has deserved it bear the palm.

SCHMIDT, ERWIN
Track, '31, '32. Cross-country, '31. Freshman Track, '29. Junior Varsity Football, '29. Chemistry Club. Engineering Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Fencing Club. Interclass Basketball. Caucus Delegate.
Well done is better than well said.

SCHMIDT, HELEN R.
Blue Cards. Commercial Club. Newman Club. Hearthstone Club. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. **Domino** Captain.
Character makes its own destiny.

SCHMITT, LAWRENCE
Football, 31. Junior Varsity Baseball, '30. Junior and- Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. German Club. Engineering Club. Newman Club. Baseball Club. Interclass Baseball. P. S. A. L.
A shy face is better than a forward heart.

SCHMITT, PETER
Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. President and Chief Chemist of Camera Club. **Domino** Photographer. Chemistry Club.
We learn by experiment.

SCHNEIDER, FRED W.
Varsity Rifle Team. History Club. Engineering Club. Chemistry Club. President of Architectural Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
Each man is by his special pleasure led.

SCHNELL, MURIEL
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (6 Terms). Glee Club. Spanish Club. Choral Training. "Pinafore" Cast. "Mikado" Cast. Dress Committee of "Pinafore." Art Editor of Classbook. Girls' Tennis Tournament, '30. Orchestra. Secretary to Mr. Ullman. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. **Domino** Captain.
She is the orb of sense, all eye, all ear.

SCHROEDER, BESSIE
Orchestra. Captainball. Swimming. Tennis.
Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

SCHULTZ, VERONICA
Captainball and Swimming Chevrons. Columbine Club, 90. Geometry Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Berkstresser. Newman Club.
You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshow you have a gentle heart.

SCHWARTZ, LILLIAN
Columbine Club, 90. French Club. Swimming and Walking Chevrons. Blue Cards.
Books are the children of the brain.

SCHWENCK, JEAN
Scholarship Pin (3 Terms). Blue Cards. German Club. Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Pin. Captainball.
A clear conscience is a sure card.

SCIACCHITANO, MARC
Service Squad. Interclass Basketball, '30, '31. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. Interclass Soccer, '28.
A mind full of knowledge is a mind that never fails.

SEELBACH, MARTHA
She is proud in humility; proud in that they are not proud.

SEEWALD, CHARLES
Varsity Track Cross Country Team. Swimming Team. P. S. A. L. Award. Interclass Basketball, '30, '31. Soccer, '28. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. Dramatics.
Good nature like a bee collects honey from everywhere.

SEIM, GEORGE
Blue Cards. Classbook Editor. nautical Club, 56. —Glee Club, 56.
Constantly asking questions of experts.

SIEGFRIED, ABRAHAM
Interclass Football. Interclass Soccer. Dramatics, 90. Glee Club. Blue Cards. Fencing Club.
Genius is only patience.

SIFFERLEN, RUTH
Dome Captain. **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. G. O. Captain. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Equestrian Club. Bank Staff. Vice-president of Bank. Chevrons.
She bears a dukes revenue on her back.

SILLIMAN, MIRIAM
Dramatics. Swimming. Tennis. Captainball. Orchestra. Caucus Delegate. Assistant Art Editor Classbook.
The good, alas, are few.

SIMONTON, DOUG
Interclass Soccer Numerals. Interclass Track. R. H. H. S. Letters. **Dome** Captain. Pan-American Student League. Track, '32.
Why should life all labor be?

SINNIGEN, MURIEL
Spanish Musical Club, '56. Spanish Club. Secretary to Miss Buttice, Mr. Kanwit. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.
A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

SMITH, GLADYS
Emergency Room Aide. Secretary to Miss Callaway. Art Scholarship to Museum of Natural History. Art Committee for Christmas Play. Spanish Club. Spanish Committee for Pins. Spanish Club Decoration Committee. Columbine Club, 90. Junior Arista. Editor and Art Editor Classbooks. Tap Dancing Club, 56.
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

SOVIERO, LOUISE
Blue Cards. Secretary to Mrs. Poetz, Miss Fayer, Miss Voorhees. Regents Typewriting Committee. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club. Girl Reserves.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.

SPANGEL, GUSTAV
Secretary to Mr. Foerster, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Collins. Blue Cards. Junior Life Saving Award. Commercial Club. Rifle Club. Marksmanship Award. Interclass Basketball, '31. Assistant Editor and Publisher Class paper.
Each mind hath its own method.

SPANGENBERG, HERMAN
Spanish Club. Engineering Club. Scholarship Pin. Junior and Senior Arista. Interclass Basketball. Handball Medal. Blue Cards. Nautical Club.
No easy task it is to climb to wisdom's throne.

SPEHL, HERMAN
Orchestra. Band. Interclass Soccer. Rifle Club. Engineering Club.
Care's an enemy to life.

STARK, MARION
Secretary to Miss Leete, Mr. Foerster. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Commercial Club. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.
Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

STAUFFER, EDWARD
Football, '30. Soccer, '31. Champion Interclass Baseball Team, '28. Interclass Soccer. Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. **Dome** Staff. **Domino** Staff. Self-denial Captain. G. O. Captain. R. H. H. S. Letters. Leaders' Emblem. P. S. A. L. Pin. Caucus Delegate.
Though I am quiet and peaceful, I have something in me dangerous.

STEFFENS, RUTH
Chevrons. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Hearthstone Club. Newman Club. Secretary to Mr. Dann, Miss Kiso. Blue Cards.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?

STEIN, ETHEL
Swimming.
Silence is the best ornament.

STEINMETZ, GEORGE
Scholarship Pin. Traffic Squad. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. **Domino** Captain. Chess Club. Pan-American Student League.
Thou living ray of intellectual fire.

STEMMERMAN, RUTH
Sword Society. Minor Letters. Championship Captainball Team. P. S. A. L. Medals. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Junior and Senior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Assistant to Miss Levy. Secretary in Health Education Office.
Good nature and good sense must ever join.

STETTNER, BEVERLY
Scholarship Pins. Junior and Senior Arista. English Commendation. Chevrons. Latin Club. Short Story Club. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards.
Merit is worthier than fame.

STILLMAN, PHILIP
Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Chess Club. Classbook Editor. English Honor Class, 7. Stamp Club.
What a mighty spirit in so narrow a bosom.

STILLMAN, ROBERT
Cross-Country, '31. Art Editor Classbook. P. S. A. L. Pin. Sketch Club. Poster Club. **Dome** Captain. **With Silver Quill.** Poster Prize. Philatelic Society.
When it comes to speech, there is neither handicap to the tall nor the small.

STOOKS, MIRIAM
Blue Cards. English Commendations. Girl Reserves. Junior Arista. Choral Training. Secretary to Miss Barber. **Dome** Captain. Caucus Delegate. Spanish Club. Commercial Club.
Her countenance demure and modest grace.

STORM, VIRGINIA
Editor of Classbook. English Commendation. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Office Duty. Blue Cards. Chevrons. **Dome** Captain. Caucus Delegate.
What, my dear lady disdain!

STRAHLE, DOROTHY
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards. Spanish Glee Club, 56. German Club. Spanish Club. Hearthstone Club. Inter-high-school German Glee Club.
Action is eloquence.

STROLLO, SAM
Varsity Swimming Team, '31, '32. Interclass Basketball Team. Handball Medal. Life Guard. Baseball, '31. Spanish Club. Nautical Club. Major "R," '32 "R. H" Letters. Class Numerals. Leaders' Club. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins. Senior Arista.
Formed on the good old plan —a true and brave and downright man.

THORNE, RUTH
Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. Student Leader. Blue Cards. **Dome** Captain. Caucus Delegate. Traffic Squad. G. O. Captain. Secretary to Mrs. Browne.
Beauty seen is never lost.

TODRES, PHILIP
Self-denial Captain. Engineering Club.
Diligence is the mother of good luck.

TONNERSEN, EDNA
Hearthstone Club. Chevron. P. S. A. L. Medal.
It is tranquil people who accomplish much.

TOW, ARTHUR
Traffic Squad, 90. Chess Club. **Domino** Captain. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards.
We boil at different degrees.

TRACY, ALICE
Newman Club. French Club. Hearthstone Club. Caucus Delegate.
Is she not passing fair?

TRACY, MURIEL
Blue Cards. Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Gilbert. Caucus Delegate. **Domino** Captain. Traffic Squad, 90. English Commendation. President Spanish Club. Emergency Room Aide.
Cheerfulness makes every dish a feast.

TRUMPFELLER, RUTH
Junior Arista. Treasurer of Girl Reserves. Program Committee. Basketball. P. S. A. L. Pins. Chevrons. Swimming Pin. Class Leader. Blue Cards. Secretary of Spanish Club. Cafeteria Squad. Chairman of Typewriting Committee. **Domino** Captain.
Fair brow doth hide fair thoughts.

TYNAN, REGINA
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English Honor Class, 8. Girl Reserves. Spanish Club. Hearthstone Club. P. S. A. L. Medals. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Pan-American Student League. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Lunch Room Squad. Office Duty. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Leaders' Club.
Doing good is the only happy action of a man's life.

USHER, MARJORIE
Lunch Room Squad. P. S. A. L. Awards. Chevrons. Swimming. Secretary to Mrs. Newton. Caucus Delegate. Assistant Editor Classbook. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain.
Happiness depends less on exterior things than most suppose.

VALENTI, JOHN
Tennis Club. Spanish Club. Pan-American Student League. Traffic Squad. Interclass Football. Interclass Soccer. Spanish Musical Club, 56. Blue Cards. Baseball. **Dome** Captain. **Domino** Captain.
A good mind possesses a kingdom.

VOELLER, JESSIE
Dome Captain. **Domino** Captain. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Chevrons. Blue Cards.
If eyes were made for seeing—then beauty is its own excuse for being.

VON AHNEN, MARION
Blue Cards.
Great modesty often hides great merit.

VON STEIN, ARTHUR
Tennis Club. Baseball Club. Basketball Team, 56. Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards. Baseball Team, 56.
Silent men are great men.

VORWERK, LILLIAN
Secretary and Treasurer of Girl Reserves. Treasurer of History Club. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Leaders' Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Emergency Room Aide.
I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked.
Any how I cain't help it

WAGNER, MILTON
From Kranklin K. Lane High School. Biology Club. History Club.
To bear is to conquer our fate.

WANDERMAN, BEN
Soccer, '29, '30, '31. Orchestra. President of the Press Club. Interclass Baseball Medal, '28. **Domino** Captain. Blue Cards. Member Associated Press Bureau of Queens. Correspondent to Leader-Observer.
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

WEBER, JOSEPHINE
Lunch Room Squad (6 terms).
Careless of small things, greater things you'll lose.

WEITZNER, IRVING
Junior Baseball, '28. Football, '29. Interclass Soccer and Baseball. Scholarship Pin. Traffic Squad. Classbook Editor. Caucus Delegate. Class Night Committee. Campaign Speaker. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Dance Committee. Blue Cards.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breaths the keen air and carols as he goes.

WELLS, ELIZABETH
Sword Society. President of the 4th Term. Vice-president of the 5th Term. G. O. Secretary, 56. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Championship Captainball and Basketball Teams. Runner-up at Swimming Meet. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Minor Letters.
Fame does not always err; sometimes she chooses well.

WELLS, MARGERY
Basketball, Captainball, Tennis, Dancing. Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Walking Club. Dramatic Club. Chevrons. Blue Cards.
Manner makes a woman's charm.

WELTNER, VERONICA
Secretary to Mr. Wagler. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Chevrons. English Honor Class, 7.
I would help others—out of a fellow-feeling.

WERNER, CAROLINE
Secretary to Miss Bennett. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards.
Here's to the maiden of bashful sixteen.

WERNER, ELIZABETH
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Mr.. Ullman. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Chevrons.
Everyone has a special objection to being excelled by his relatives.

WERNER, PEGGY
Sword Society. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Major and Minor Letters. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Championship Basketball and Captainball Teams. Treasurer of the 7th Term. Secretary of the 8th Term. Vice-President of the German Club.
Nothing endures but personal qualities.

WERNER, ROSE
Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Commercial Club. Hearthstone Club.
A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded,
A Rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

WHIDDEN, RICHARD
Interclass Soccer. Class Numerals. Service Squad. Engineering Club.
I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome:
I come, see, and overcome.

WHITEWAY, ELLIOTT
Swimming Team, '30, '31, '32. Rifle Club, '30, '31, '32. Rifle Team. Stamp Club.
There in the deep abyss are seen
The swimmers, few and far between.

WICKMAN, ANNE
Sword Society. Major and Minor Letters. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Ratelle, Miss Levy. Basketball, Captainball, Hockey Championship Teams. Leaders' Club. Chevrons. English Commendation. Rifle Club. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Class Night Committee. P. S. A. L. Medals.
She scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.

WIDDER, MARJORIE
Tennis, Swimming, Chevrons.
A nightingale dies for shame, if another bird sings better.

WOJTAS, MICHAEL
Football, '31. Wrestling, '31. Leaders' Club. Gymnasium Secretary. Captain Interclass Baseball Team. Captain of the Championship Interclass Soccer Team.
'Tis good to be merry and wise.

WOLFF, FLORENCE
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (6 terms). Office Duty. Secretary to Mr. Dann. Treasurer of German Club. English Honor Class, 7. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Program Committee.
Deeper, deeper, let us dig in the mines of knowledge.

WOLLEN JEANNE
Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Vice-President of the Spanish Club. Musical Club, 56. Office Duty, 56. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate. **Domino** Captain.
And good luck go with thee.

WOLLENHAUPT, MILDRED
Office Duty, Caucus Delegate. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Horseback Riding. Fencing. Tennis.
Let us leave hurry to slaves.

WYPLER, HERBERT
J. V. Football, '29. Interclass Soccer, '28. Traffic Squad, '28, '29, 90. Captain Traffic Squad, '29, 90. Leaders' Club, '32.
He knows what's what.

ZABLER, DOROTHY
Scholarship Pin. English Commendation. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Secretary to Miss Lent, Mr. Bonnick, Program Committee. Blue Cards. G. O. Store Staff.
Demure and quiet she appears to be,
But full of mischief really is she.

ZUNDEL, ELEANOR
Assistant Bank Manager, '32 Secretary to Mr. Dann, Miss Leete, Miss Prinzing. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Class Book Publisher. **Dome** and **Domino** Captain. Self-denial Captain. Caucus Delegate.
Thou art to me a delicious torment.

NUNNENKAMP, HARRY
Domino Captain. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Latin Club, 90. Engineering Club.
A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

SCHECTER, MORTON
Chess Club. Chemistry Club. G. O. Captain. **Dome** Captain. Blue Cards. **Domino** Captain. Messenger between buildings. Lunch Room Squad. Rifle. Soccer, '28.
Force and not opinion is the queen of the world, but it is the opinion that uses the force.

ROSS, ANGUS
Spring Concerts. Baseball, '29, '30, '31, '32. Soccer '28. Basketball, '31. "Pinafore" Cast. "Mikado" Cast. Major Letters. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Usher for Graduation and Spring Play.
He smiled on many just for fun,
But I knew there was only one.

ALTMAN, MORRIS
From Boys' High School and Haaren High School. Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Latin Club. Traffic Squad. Stamp Club. Glee Club.
A man always makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge.

DENGLER, HORACE
Junior Red Cross Delegate. Classbook Editor. Caucus Delegate.
When I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched beneath.

DOLAN, MICHAEL
Strong in action, stronger in reason.

FALCO, PATTIE
Interclass Basketball and Baseball. Printing Club. Commercial Club.
Strong reasons make strong actions.

GROSS, CHARLES
Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Chemistry Club. Chess Club. Camera Club. G. O. Captain. Latin Pageant Cast.
He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.

JENKINS, JOHN
Dramatic Club. History Club. Classbook Editor. P. S. A. L. Pin. Junior Arista. Traffic Squad.
Education is only second to nature.

SMITH, RUTH
One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.

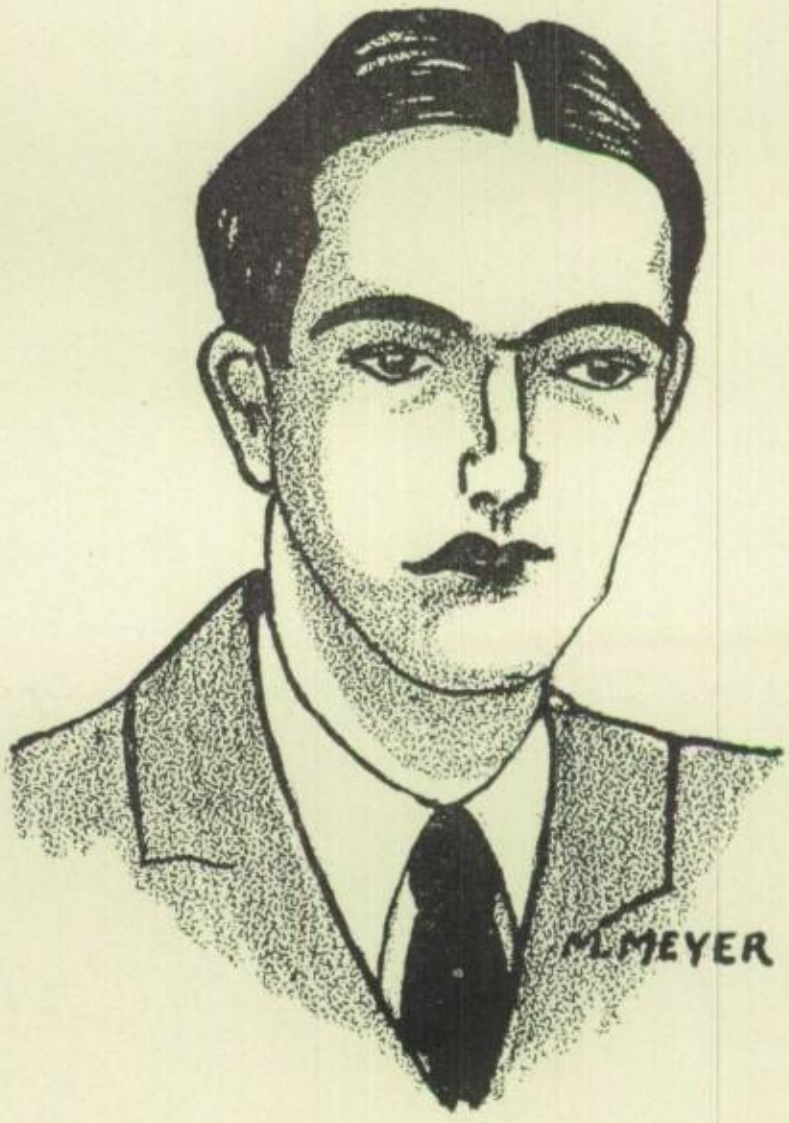
SPARBER, HERBERT
Blue Cards. Traffic Squad, 90. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Soccer. Orchestra. Assembly Soloist. Band.
Music is the universal language of mankind.

SWANEY, FRANK
Chairman of Senior Prom Committee. Major R's. Varsity Swimming, '29. Varsity Football, '31. Captain Cheering Squad. Swimming Medal School Championships. Blue Cards. Life Guard. Senior Life Saving Award. Shop Foreman.
One ear it heard, the other out it went.

MOST POPULAR

JOHN O'KEEFE

VICE-PRESIDENT, G. O.



JOE McNULTY

Life Is Something To Do Not Something To Learn

by JOHN O'KEEFE

Life is hard because it is something to do, not something to learn. The complaint is very common that life is so mysterious, so complex. Whence come we, whither do we go, and what does it all mean? As if anybody had any particular right to know its meaning.

Life is not a problem. it is a task. We don't have to understand it, we have to live it. Consequently those simple folk who set themselves about living their days as they come, as happily and usefully as they can, have much saner views about themselves, God, and the devil, than those philosophers who are cracking their brains trying to understand. Why should one make himself unhappy over what is none of his business? Why I was brought into this world, why circumstances are as they are around me, why my disposition and character is as it is, why I was created a man and not a woman, why I am living now and some of my friends dead, what will take place after the phenomenon of death—all these things by no possibility can I know. They are none of my affair; why worry? Nature, or God, or some other invisible power, utterly outside my reach is attending to them.

The man who gets up cheerfully in the morning and goes to bed reasonably contented every night and between the two carries out his instincts, works hard, plays wholesomely, thinks honestly, feels strongly and deeply, and tries to do all this a little better every day, is indeed quite common. For life is an art, not a science; it is a trade, not a puzzle. You learn to live as you learn to lay bricks, carve statues, or grow potatoes. That is to say, you are always learning and no one reaches perfection. No one ever knows all there is to be known about laying bricks, carving stones, or growing potatoes. But that is no reason why men shouldn't go on doing these things, getting a living, and some satisfaction out of it; constructing bigger buildings, carving more beautiful statues, or growing better potatoes. And that life as a problem is too much for us is no reason why life as daily work should not be an enjoyable affair. But after all, life is not so much a task as it is an opportunity. We are full of forces. Nature wants us to operate them, and in the operation of them we find pleasure.

It is not enough, however, to say that we should merely follow our instincts. We have something else besides instincts. We have brains by which the natural forces in us become refined. Thus instead of brute lust, we have human love; instead of fear of Nature and her forces, we have religion, which is joy in the sum of things; instead of fighting one another for bread, water, and clothing, we discover how to cooperate one with another and each for all, and so obtain the benefits of organized society and state.

So with every generation, life grows broader and finer. As a problem it is as insoluble now as it was in the days of Noah; as a task, it is infinitely more varied, interesting, and full.

MAY FANTASY

The leaves of the tree weave a pattern of lace
Across the face of the young and frivolous May moon.
The night wind dances across the lawn,
Its fluttering veils disturbing the stillness of the garden.
A lark, startled by some unseen thing,
Emits a shrill, sharp call, and is stilled.

Doris Schirmeister

HOT AIR GAZETTE

FUTURISTIC EDITION — WE'LL BE SEEIN' YUH

FRONT PAGE

The women's faction of the House of Representatives has nominated Edith Gardner for Speaker. Outstanding leaders of this group are: Miriam Eimer, the well-known orator, Muriel Schnell, Adelaide Otis, and Regina Tynan.

Horace Dengler, A. B. C. D. etc., who recently won world-wide recognition by disproving the Einstein Theory, has compiled a dictionary exceeding Webster's by 10,000 words. Professor Dengler says, "My life work is now completed. I shall retire and spend the rest of my days in solitude."

Welcome the heliofloat, newest type of aircraft, invented by D. Elwood Bilton and David Basile. The mechanism, which will keep the plane in the stratosphere for a month without danger to its occupants, was designed by Mr. Basile. The radio-televiser was perfected by Mr. Bilton. These two daring aviators hope to reach Venus by next week.

BOOK REVIEW SECTION

Latest Books

The Duck-billed Platypus and Other Poems
by Henry Brean
Pub. by Gross & Gross, Inc. $2.00

The Private Life of Cicero's Granddaughter
by Prof. Helmer Hallberg
Pub. by J. Mackey & Co. $3.50

siding at present at the Adams Hotel, the most exclusive in the city.

President O'Keefe has just returned to the White House from a trip abroad with Mrs. O'Keefe and John Jr. A reception was given in honor of his arrival at the home of Senator Louis Orgelfinger and his charming wife, the former Miss Julia Bahrenburg.

A ball was given last night at the Dunieff Hotel to celebrate the return of Miss Mary Sanzone and her fiance, Dodo Rosenbaum, from the South Sea Islands, where they spent the winter. Those present represented the elite of New York City. A few of the guests were the Misses Olive Cregan, the famous poet, Emma Garibaldi, Constance Bayors, Mr. Charles Kuhnle, and many other oustanding social lights.

THE LOUDSPEAKER

Robert Griebel and Co., Clothiers, is sponsoring a new radio program, the premiere of which promises to be a gala event. Featured on the program will be: Angus Ross, singer of sad songs, Fanny Colletti, who sings and plays her own accompaniments, and an orchestra under the direction of Frank D'Andrea. Al Acerno will act as Master of Ceremonies, and Jack Saunders of the Oxford accent, will announce.

The Crosby, Columbo, and Vallee rage has given way to an epidemic of Phillips, Erwin and Hoffman. These three charmers may be heard

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

Did you know that—

Bob Hower and Charlie Seewald, the Olympic champions, were classmates ten years ago in Richmond Hill High School?

Larry Picoli, the sensational pitcher of the New York Yankees, is hailed as a second Grove, even though Grove was a left-hander?

Either Joe McNulty or Vic Kane will act as basketball mentor for L. I. U. next term?

And Howard Rothenberger will coach the fencers this year for the same school?

Jimmy Cambas is leading his league with a batting average of .397?

Paul Charny, lately of Princeton, has made the Olympic track team?

The United States is pinning its hopes on Peg Werner to bring home the bacon in the form of the tennis championship?

Both Elizabeth Wells and Virginia Roth have secured places in the Olympic events, Elizabeth as a diver, and Virginia as a speed swimmer?

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Tillie the Teletypist, a Novel
by Helen Manthey
Pub. by Ditzel & Co., Inc. $2.00

Society News

Max Goldsmith, the slayer of French idioms, has just been chosen our ambassador to France.

William Sachse, returning to Germany on the S. S. Bologna, plans to work on social and political reform in his native country.

Robert Burgess, the famous toothpaste ad model, wishes to announce that he has made his first million, and intends to retire for a few years.

Arthur Hoogenboom, the best-dressed man in America, has invented a new style of dress for men:—red and white candy-striped trousers, and green and yellow shirt, to be worn with the tails out.

Secretary of State George Nachtrab is planning a good-will trip around the world in the new altimosphere, giant air transport invented by Peter Schmitt.

Arthur Von Stein, divorced from the famous movie actress, Mary MacInnes, has returned from France on the S. S. Briand. It is rumored that something might come of his extensive companionship with Miss Florence Hoch, returning also from France after a thorough study of that country for material for a book.

Ella Clark, the world-renowned dancer, has announced her intention of making a tour of the United States with her troupe. Miss Clark is retiring on the Piazza Peanut Program, WJZ, and the Spangenberg Sweetsmoke Quarter-hour, WABC, respectively.

TRIPS TO MOVIELAND

Ducky Dreamboy, whose dimples and smile have set millions of feminine hearts aflutter, will relinquish his enviable position as King of Movieland and return to his first love, the stage. Ducky's initial appearance will be the title role in Shakespeare's "Macbeth". Incidentally Mr. Dreamboy will reassume his real name, Eli Berlin. Among those who will be scrambling for the vacated throne are : Herbert Buhrow, Arthur Kaiser, Edward Ludeman, and J. Morin Milroy.

Miss Rosemary Cahill received minor injuries when her car was mobbed by a crowd of ardent movie-goers last night. Miss Cahill was attending the premiere of her latest picture, "Her Fatal Charm", when the accident occurred. The actress did not disappoint her public, for the picture was a dramatic success. Others in the cast include: Walter Panzl, as the hero, Martin Abisch as the villainous gigolo, and Helen Giroux as an unscrupulous vamp. Lesser roles are well-portrayed by Dorothea Lutringer, Royal Bauser, and Emma Schlosshauer.

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To Miss Leete—One gross of raisins to be consumed during work hours.

To Mr. Clegg—Substitutes for "Willie" and "Tessie."

To Miss Hickey—Edith Gardner bequeaths six inches of her stature.

To Mr. Mahedy—A hand truck and an experienced bouncer to transport undesirables to "the other side of the door."

To Mr. Yoder—A six volume thesis on "Scientific Method."

To "Commodore" Hoffman — Bob Hower leaves a dirty towel.

To Floyd Gibbons—An autographed copy of "Sixty Words A Minute, And How I Do It" by Mrs. Hernandez.

To the English Department—Services of Horace Dengler or a large size Webster Dictionary.

To Miss Houghton—A class composed of Otis Skinner, Lynn Fontanne, Walter Hampden, Alfred Lunt, Leon Massey and their equals for proper interpretation of "Macbeth".

To the P. T. Department—A gallon of Castor Oil to cure the Sick Pass Racket.

To Miss Dithridge—The Senior Arista.

To Miss McLaughlin—A book: "How To Love Babies."

To Mr. Atwater—A Boy Scout Handbook.

To Miss Holstein—A Yale lock with two keys for her desk.

To Miss Schlachter—Ann Wickman leaves fond memories of the teacher-student basketball game.

To all the Faculty—Beatrice Nieberg leaves her book on "What Not To Do, And When To Do It."

To the Track Team—John O'Keefe donates a pair of track shoes mounted on roller skates.

To the Camera Club—A bigger and better dark room in which to have bigger and better water fights.

To the Autograph Club—Autograph of Mickey Mouse.

To Harry Lucia—Al Acerno fondly leaves his graduation crutches with hopes for Harry's speedy recovery.

To the Most Deserving Freshman—William Sachse donates his briefcase with fond regrets.

To the Rest of the School—The semi-annual odor of perfumed eggs emanating from the Chemistry lab.

To the Senior Will Committee's Successors—A choice selection of cuss words.

To the Executor of This Will—We leave Al Capone's unemployed bodyguard.

In witness whereof we have set our hand and seal,

SENIOR CLASS OF JUNE 1932

Cheddrech and Cheddrech—Atorneys-at-Law

Not for publication—

Note:—The word "Cheddrech" is used to divide the responsibility of this crime equally among the members of the committee. "Cheddrech" is a combination containing the first letter of each committeeman's first name.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME

by HENRY BREAN

"So, after all, there is something in a name," concluded Mr. Throckmorton. Mr. Throckmorton, or to give him his full title, Mr. Amos B. Throckmorton, President of the First National Bank of Johnston, was satisfied with himself; a self-glorifying complacency proclaimed itself in his eyes; contentment shone from his face. For half an hour, Mr. Throckmorton had been successfully engaged in proving, to the annoyance and chagrin of the other members of the Johnstown Business Men's Club, that a euphonious, ostentatious name was a business asset, for Mr. Trockmorton took great pride in his remarkable business acumen. He had clinched his argument by relating to his listeners an unusual experience which he had had the day before.

And Mr. Throckmorton had had an unusual experience. On arriving at his bank punctually at nine that morning,—for punctuality was the first point in Mr. Throckmorton's formula for business success—he was confronted by an exceedingly colorful individual. The pallid face of the stranger tried in vain to hide itself behind something on his upper lip resembling the orange-colored bristles of a tooth-brush which has been used to mix paint. The visitor's hair matched his mustache, was even brighter than his mustache. But color did not end here. He was attired in a purple-hued coat, light brown golf knickers, and a vest whose varied tints defied description. A hat in a beautiful shade of sea-green lay on the chair beside him.

Mr. Throckmorton's sartorial essays had always been rather conservative, for one of the salient points in his formula for business success was neatness of appearance; he was too much dazed by the dazzling brilliance of the picture before him to speak, and he accepted in silence the proffered card. But he was to receive yet another shock. The card was inscribed:

Mr. Amos B. Throckmorton

The stranger began to talk. He began timidly, and seemingly gained courage from Mr. Throckmorton's vague expressions of comprehension. He talked rapidly and with conviction.

Our Mr. Throckmorton had a fleeting impression that his namesake was one of those high-powered salesmen he had read about, but the sincerity of the newcomer's face and speech rapidly dispelled the idea. Mr. Throckmorton's dazedly abused intellect gathered that the stranger had been passing thru Johnstown and had had been robbed of his car and money. He had passed the bank, noticed the name on the cornerstone, and decided to wait till morning to see the bank president. Although the new Mr. Thorckmorton could offer no security, the older Mr. Throckmorton readily acquiesced to his proposal to lend him five hundred dollars to get back to New York.

The second Mr. Throckmorton signed the receipt, rather hastily swooped up the currency, and stood not upon the order of his going. Mr. Throckmorton, the banker, had no qualms as to the safety of his money, for was not sincerity written on the face of the other Mr. Throckmorton, and did not Mr. Throckmorton's formula for business success proclaim that an honest man's word is his bond?

Here this story of a good business man, character reading, and appellations comes to an end; but after the banker had gone home to dinner, Mr. Cyrus W. Pennypacker, President of the Second National Bank of Johnstown, arrived at the club. After he was settled in his chair, he made a statement that caused a great deal of discussion among the members of the Johnstown Business Men's Club, for Mr. Pennypacker, like his rival Mr. Throckmorton, was a close-fisted banker and a man of great business ability. He began his conversation thus. "I did something today which now seems rather strange to me. I lent five hundred dollars without security to a man whom I have never seen before. You see, his name happened to be Cyrus W. Pennypacker."

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Who's Who In The Annexes

Annex 56

GIRLS		BOYS
Marie Beach	Most Popular	Sam Laletin
Josephine Boyd	Best Looking	John Augustine
Adele Hofman	Cutest	Robert Brennan
Naomi McCoy	Best Personality	William Murray
Charlotte Cieyer	Best Athlete	Arthur Moulder
Eleanor Salze	Most Versatile	Ken Murphy
Carolyn Cathcart	Nicest Smile	Roy Roth
Ruth Pergament	Wittiest	Irving Stern
Elsie Lorenz	Most Conscientious	George Wenzel
Terese Semel	Busiest	Joe Burger
Carolyn Cathcart	Happy-go-Lucky	Danny Teehan
Lillian Meinert	Quietest	Art Reidenbach
Ann Jenkins	Most Practical	Irving Stern
Elsie Lorenz	Most Polite	James Arnold
Elizabeth Olsen	Done Most for R.H.H.S.	Irving Stern

Annex 90

GIRLS		BOYS
Barbara Black	Most Popular	Phillip Donahue
Barbara Black	Best Looking	William Connell
Marjorie Frank	Cutest	Julius Geller
Barbara Black	Best Personality	Arthur Bischoff
Myrtle Henning	Best Athlete	Walter Strand
Lorraine Dippert	Most Versatile	Phillip Donahue
Marjorie Frank	Nicest Smile	Arthur Bischoff
Kathleen Houser	Wittiest	John Vatter
Eugenia Schelley	Most Conscientious	Fairman Black
Eugenia Schelley	Busiest	Robert Malvern
Mildred Kruse	Happy-go-Lucky	Gerry
Helen Schmidt	Quietest	Theodore Cooper
June Manville	Most Practical	Walter Strand
Meyers	Most Polite	Andrew Schiller
Barbara Black	Done Most for R.H.H.S.	Phillip Donahue

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Rosemary Cahill	"They Satisfy"	John O'Keefe
Theresa Mangiardi	"Keep Kissable"	Arthur Hoogenboom
Edith Gardner	"What a Difference a Few Sense Make"	Horace Dengler
Lily Courtney	"It's Smart To Be Thrifty"	Ira Ditzel
Beatrice Nieberg	"Eventually—Why Not Now?"	Ben Wanderman
Helen Manthey	"When To Be Nonchalant"	Johnny Erwin
Anne Wickman	"Good To The Last Drop"	Larry Picoli
Mary Sanzone	"She Knows the Secret"	Bob Griebel
Dorothy Adams	"Hasn't Scratched Yet"	Eli Berlin
Millie Gilfillan	"Nothing Over Ten Cents"	Arthur Kaiser
Ruth Sifferlen	"That Extra Something"	Vic Kane
Elizabeth Wells	"Children Cry For It"	Joseph Mackey
Marthe Ramagnan	"Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"	Jack Devine
Elizabeth Krider	"Sustained Floating Power"	Bob Hower
Florence Hoch	"99 44-100% Pure"	Martin Abisch
Doris Pascal	"Mild As A May Breeze"	Henry Lilkendey
Olive Cregan	"The Light That Never Fails"	Helmer Hallberg
Theresa Mangiardi	"Brush Your Tee'th Twice A Day"	Arthur Hoogenboom
Veronica Schultz	"Color Is Your Magic Key To Romance"	George Rosenquist
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THE CALL

by
TIMMIE
CAMPBELL

Young Verdini was in there with his father and outside the door the manager, the assistant-manager and three musicians paced anxiously up and down, stepping every now and then to bite nervous fingernails.

"Cracked!" groaned the assistant manager, "that's what he is. Cracked!"

The manager shook his head. "Cracked-up, maybe, but not in the way you mean. I've known him a good many years and he's as sane as you are—which isn't saying anything much, right now. Calm down a bit, Frank. You look ready to eat somebody." He stood still for a moment and his face took a far-away look. "Lord, but she was beautiful!" he said reverently.

"Never heard of her," the musician admitted shamelessly.

In mock amazement the assistant manager's eyes made a complete circuit of their orbs. "He never heard of her," he jeered. "Never heard of Silve de Bourgerac! Here, Rollo, my son, climb upon Papa's knee while he tells you a bedtime story in one syllable words that may possibly permeate through the solid ivory of the worthless mansion that reposes atop your ham-like neck. Now listen, carefully. Silva de Bourgerac was a lady. Got that, nincompoop? You have? Wonderful! Then I can continue. Well, Verdini and she were in love with each other. Everybody was all set to throw rice and old shoes and kiss the blushing bride, etcetera, when suddenly she up and married some big bug in the market who should have been a grandfather by that time. Verdini was pretty badly broken-up but got over it all at once and started singing again, just as usual. We were all pretty puzzled until some bright boy discovered that Silva was in the audience every night. About two months later Verdini married Anne Blakely and then some of us got worried in real earnest. You see, everybody liked Anne and we didn't want her to get hurt. It was fairly evident that she simply adored her husband, but it was just as evident that he still worshipped Silve. Consequently, we did some snooping off our own hook and here is the extraordinary state of affairs we found. Verdini knew she was in the audience, took it sort of for granted that she should be there but he hadn't spoken to her since the day before her wedding. And that's the way it's been for about eighteen years. He's very seldom seen her in the audience, but he's always known she was there and most of us have been quite sure that all his songs were sung to her. She died last month and we've kept it dark as well as we could. Then tonight—"

He stopped short as the door opened and a young man emerged, supporting a large, middle-aged man who was quite obviously in a state bordering on collapse. The younger man looked up, his white face haggard with apprehension.

"My father will sing for tonight," he said, "but I'm afraid the rest of his engagement must be cancelled. He is very tired."

The manager, assistant manager and all three musicians followed in the wake of the two making curious sounds to express their sympathy. "All right, Dad?" the son asked when they had reached the wings. His father nodded and struggling to smile slouched, rather than, walked onto the stage.

"Will he be O. K., do you think, Phil?" came the manager's husky whisper. The young man shrugged wearily. "I don't know. I think he's just a little bit-er-unbalanced tonight. Got all worked up on the idea that Silva'd come to hear him, dead or alive. He's going to sing that song of his about the bird calling to his

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mate. Sort of expects Silva to answer. If she doesn't—"

He ceased speaking as his father started singing, singing in a pitifully feeble voice that quite probably did not penetrate beyond the center of the house. Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" wailed the assistant manager. "Shut up!" someone said angrily and he subsided.

Then all of a sudden the miracle happened: Verdini's faltering notes died abruptly, he straightened and stared for a moment, and then resumed singing, leaving the pianist stranded. But no one paid any attention to the piano now, for Verdini was singing as he had never sung before and the room was fairly shaking with the emotional thunder issuing from that mighty throat. He was following no melody, for his feeling was too big for curriculum. For two solid hours he continued, and to this day not one person from that audience knows that he sang in no known language; all they realize is that he spoke to them in words that penetrated to the soul but did not reach the brain. After he had finished they did not applaud; one doesn't clap at the exquisite notes of the nightingale nor yet at the majesty of the elements. And Verdini instead of making the conventional bows just stood there rubbing his hands together in pleased satisfaction, his mouth delightedly stretching upwards in vain endeavor to reach his eyebrows.

The men in the wings were fully as spell-bound as the others, and the girl behind them had to beg their pardon six times before they noticed her. The manager turned reluctantly and then —"Frank," he said slowly, "I'm getting old-older than I thought. You'd better take my position tonight. I'm entirely too old to—" Frank stared at him.

"What the devil—" he began and stopped a second. "You and me both, Ted. What's your name?" he asked the girl.

"Silva Wandell."

"Yes, I know that," he said impatiently, "but was your maiden name by any chance de Bourgerac?"

She smiled, "No, but my mother's was. I do look something like her, don't I? She's dead now. That's why I'm here. You see, she left a message for Mr. Verdini."

Young Verdini came forward. "Look here, Miss Wandell," he said seriously, "You'll be doing him a far greater kindness if you never deliver that message. I haven't time to explain now, but I'll call on you sometime tomorrow afternoon, if I may? At the New Yorker? Righto! And thanks ever so much." He bustled a very startled young woman out into the street through the stage door and returned just in time to meet his father coming off-stage. The latter's face was tired and worn, but his eyes glistened with beatific happiness.

"Do you mind coming along later, Phil?" he asked apologetically. "I want to be alone, if you don't mind'.'

"Sure thing, Dad. So long. I'll see you later."

That, however, was the last he saw of his father, alive. Early next morning a tug bumped into the great singer's body, floating face downward in the oily waters of the East River, and Phil, carrying out his hasty engagement of the night before showed Silva Wandell a strange note which read as follows:

"Dear old Son,

"I saw Silva in the House tonight. She waved to me and beckoned and, just as she answered my call to her, I am going to answer her call to me. I'm sorry, Phil, but it had to be. Please don't blame me too greatly. Goodbye, son, and God bless you."

The girl frowned perplexedly. "But what does it mean? How could he see my mother when she's dead?"

"He didn't see your mother. What he saw was you, trying to catch his attention."

The girl's expression was now very strange and her words came as though pushed by some mysterious force. "He didn't see me, because I wasn't in the audience. The night watchman let me in through the stage-door."

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THE BLACK FOREST

I

Dense is the forest,
Tall are its trees,
Fleet are its deer,
Soft is its breeze.
High is its leaf-crest;
Winding its lees—
Cloaked in a drear,
Boundless as seas.

II

Dark is the forest,
Leaves there abound;
Quiet its air,
Cool is its ground.
Life in this dull-rest
Hears not a sound—
Hid from the glare
Of earth around.

III

Deep is the forest,
Hid from the skies.
Swift are its birds,
Sweet are their cries.
From out of each nest
Chirpings arise.
Antelope herds
Form welcome surprise.

IV

Dull is the forest
Covered with leaves.
Trees wrapped in moss,
Like arms in sleeves,
Still stands the green-dressed
Blanket that heaves
When the winds toss
The trees and their branches and leaves.

J. Jean Hecht

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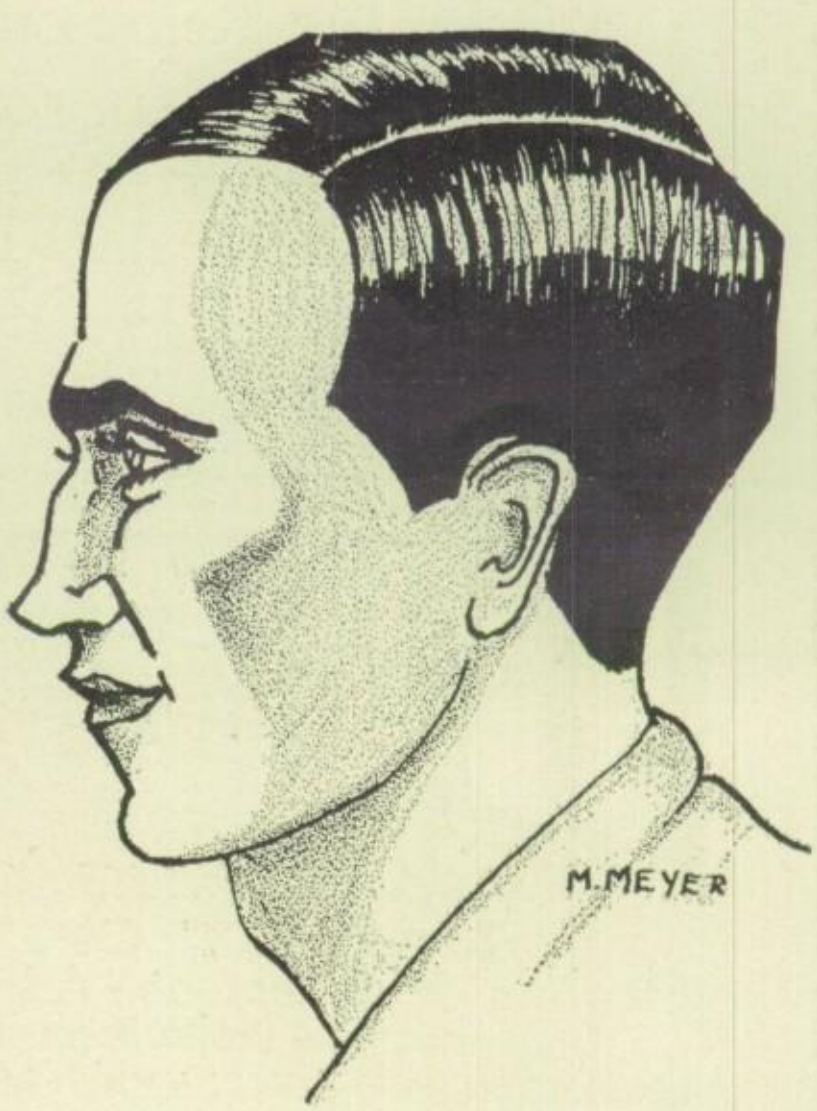
ELIZABETH WELLS

CLASS SINGER



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POETRY

by DORIS SCHIRMEISTER

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Verse
Music in the popular vein,
Everybody singin' in the rain.
RHYTHM spelt with capital letters,
Harmony broken loose from its fetters,
Melodies that must catch to be good,
And lyrics easily understood.
Chorus
Sing a little love song, it's what the public craves.
It's sweet and lovely when it's sung by one of the season's raves.
Saxaphones are all the rage—the crooners brought them in.
Trumpets are always muted, to make them sound like tin.
Sweet and hot's the password
To this modern rhythmic din.

FANTASTIQUE

The sea is a dark gray molten mass
Over which I send—whirling and twisting and turning in a mad dervish dance—
my thoughts.
I gaze with morbid curiosity as each in turn
Dives and brings up bloody plunder:
Ghosts of men who sailed the seas and found
Death in a dress of foam.
The lights across the water shiver
And the wind screams through the canvas of the ship
As it tosses in wild and mournful despair.
The strings that hold my thoughts to me
Snap and I sink into the darkness
Of the night.

MOOD INDIGO

A deep, black, velvety night,
And millions of stars like pin points of light
Pricking my soul.
The lights across the water blink and stare
At the sepulchral radiance of the moon.
The troubled ocean moans in despair
At the foot of grass-covered sand dunes.
Lights, moon, sand, and sea
Blend to form the harmony
Of my mood.

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SEND FOR CATALOG

The Unsung Heroes of Jamaica Avenue

by DAVID BILTON

Captains of industry are faced with the task of guiding huge enterprises through the trying depression; the President and his Cabinet are struggling to balance the budget; sea captains are piloting their ships through tempestuous seas; and you think these men have responsibilities? Mere nothings compared with those of the fearless specimens of clean-cut, clear-eyed manhood who pilot those ancient, meandering junk piles commonly known as the Jamaica Avenue trolleys.

What captain of industry was ever perplexed by such a weighty matter as making the cash on hand agree with the number of passengers shown by the fare register? What United States president ever had to make sure that little Willie was delivered intact at Sutphin Boulevard? What sea captain had to keep a weather eye peeled for milk wagons off his bow? Is it any wonder that men having such heavy responsibilities as those of a trolley conductor stagger home at the end of the day and sit in front of their fireplaces sunk in meditation, too tired to enjoy the pleasures of ordinary men?

'Twas not always thus. In the good old days, B. P., each trolley carried a crew of two. One manipulated the controls far up in the pilot's cabin while the other, stationed at the stern, collected fares and bounced drunks at their destination. Came a day, however, when trolley companies were embarrassed with the necessity for economy, and so some fiendish "efficiency man" conceived the idea of having all the duties about a trolley car performed by one man. This was the origin of the versatile conductor-motorman we find today. With one hand, he operates the "intricate" controls that propel the car, with another hand, he opens and closes the car doors, with another he makes change and at the same moment, keeps one eye ahead on the track and the other on the fare box. In addition to these activities, from time to time he "delicately" manipulates with his hobnailed shoe the lever that rings a very musical gong. Of course, he would not be a real honest-to-goodness conductor unless he hollered at the boisterous high school lads at the rear of the car or muttered in a low voice to move back of the door.

Responsibility, of course, affects different types of men in different ways. We are all familiar with the type of trolley car navigator who bears the cares of his position as lightly as Jimmy Walker. He is the kind of conductor who slams on the car brakes or accelerates with a careless twist of the wrist. Aside from these characteristics, he is also noted for making "wisecracks" out of the corner of his mouth. Then there is the artistic motorman who feels that he is in a glass enclosed case on exhibition to an admiring public. Somehow, his actions and manners resemble those of one of the girls who masterfully juggle pancakes in Child's front window. We all recognize the glum, depressed trolley pilot, invariably dressed in threadbare clothing. He performs his duty in a dull, mechanical way, generally staring straight ahead. Occasionally, he bestirs himself to mumble something that is popularly understood to mean the name of a street.

Upon entering a trolley, too often we find our conductor to be the mean, cranky type who snarls:—"Make it snappy," "Let'm off," "Plenty of room in the rear." He seems to delight in taking us past our signaled destination and enjoy operating the brakes and the car doors with unnecessary enthusiasm. All too rare is the polite, accommodating conductor who helps old ladies board the car and changes ten dollar bills without the usual—"Is that the smallest you've got" look. He is a real gentleman and a delight to the passengers.

There are some things you can do to make life a little more cheery, a little more bearable for the much abused street car conductors. The next time you board a trolley, have your nickel ready, step lively, and move promptly to the rear of the car.

TWO WISHES

When I am walking through the wind,
Its soft song flying past my ears,
The regal earth does fall away
And life a dwindling dream appears
Once there was misery; once, delight;
The moon had her mists and the sun his spears,
And the earth had spells my eyes to blind,
But all these fade in the wind's flight.
Blow louder, wind, in full waves blow,
I would walk for always so.
But when rich music silences
All sound but its own wandering power,
And the listening faces dream, the while
My saddening memories break in flower—
And when I meet your stranger's eyes
Across those faces like a sea
I wish them heavy seas indeed
That their harsh waves might cover me.
Roll coldly, waves; waters, spin down
My memories where all memories drown.

Helen Manthey

FREE

Calm is the might-shrouded water,
    And its silver gleam is still,
To the slopes where the great dark shadows
    Come silently down from each hill.
And the stillness of night is upon me
    As I drop the glistening oar,
And hear the faint low music
    Float out from the distant shore.
I hear the violin's wailing
    Arise o'er the music's roll,
But far away they seem to be
    To the stillness of night in my soul.
And I look on the star-lit heaven
    Where the light-laden moon hangs low;
Far, far away seem the shore lights,
    But near us the bright star's glow.
No rhythm of sounds that are human,
    No man-formed sights for me
For the stillness of night is in my soul,
    And man-chained man is free!

Helen Manthey

THE TAPESTRY

Fine threads of gold were woven,
In a tapestry of thought;
Where they cast their glad reflection
In the goodness they had wrought.
On dreamy summer evenings
The story they unroll
That once that golden tapestry
Had been a humble soul.
Who, though he had not earthly goods,
And knew not honor nor fame;
Possessed an understanding heart
Which, granted, him became.
He did not live himself to praise,
But died in helping others;
Their wants he saw and gave to help,—
For all men were his brothers.
Oh, let the tapestry of thought
Be mighty in its power;
And let the world reflect its cause
In this, its living hour!
Let every man remember this,
And seek to aid another:
Weave in his cloth the golden thought,—
That each man is his brother.

Thelma L. Maurer

MOST DIGNIFIED

ELI BERLIN

JOURNEY'S END

I lifted my face up to the rain,
The wind blew through my hair;
I found new life and strength.
I gazed long on the sunlit sea
My eyes were dazzled by its blueness;
I found perplexing thought.
I climbed a steep mountain—
The rocks and boulders skinned my hands;
I found a certain joy in the hardship.
I entered the quiet church at dusk
And knelt in the rear.
There, I found peace.

Rosemary Cahill

TO ELEANOR SMILING

I

Twin caves of happiness
Where gay smiles pause to grow—
What joy they do possess!
Each is a soft caress
That seems to catch a glow
Of your own loveliness.

II

Evasive, playful things
That capture sunbeams rare
Flying on golden wings.
The song a skylark sings
Is surely hidden there
In dimples each smile brings.

Dorothy Schmidt

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